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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 25

TOPICS OF THE DAY

After a Famous Victory, 28
Illusions of the Landless, 29
Dominant Political Questions, 30
An Age of Hired Men, 31

Vignettes of City Life: VI., by
Walter Prichard Eaton, 32
The Culture of the Northwest,
by Mary Austin, 33
The Art of Andreyev, by Alexander
Kaun, 35
Literary Revisions, by Michael
Monahan, 37

POETRY

The House of Tradition; Gam-
mer Collins, by Edward
Sapir, 37

ART

The Tate Gallery Reopens, by
Lewis M. Mumford, 33

THE THEATRE

Laundering the Drama, by Her-
bert J. Seligmann, 40

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Evidence of Things Seen,
by William Z. Foster, 41; The
Hawthornden Prize, by W. J.
Turner, 41; Wilhelm Wundt,
by Robert H. Lowie; What
They Are Doing With Our
Money, by H. Percy Bellairs,
42; Toward Internationalism
in Art, by E. A. M., 43

MISCELLANY, 39

BOOKS

The New Log-Rolling, by
Ernest A. Boyd, 43
The Interchurch Report, by
William Z. Foster, 44
Socialists and the State, by
Frank W. Garrison, 45
The Faith of a Race, by C.
Kay Scott, 45
Shorter Notices, 46
A Reviewer's Note-Book, 46

NOTICE.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

ALL that a political government is in business for is to limit the liberties of its people in order that privilege may the more freely and easily exploit their labour. Given a golden opportunity such as was furnished by the great war, and any Administration will push it to the limit of popular endurance and hold its advantages to the very last. The Democratic Administration at Washington did only the same kind of thing that a Republican legislature did at Albany, and that the Republican and Democratic organizations in the Bronx districts of New York are doing, by openly acknowledging their bi-partisan character and fusing against the ousted Socialist Assemblymen. Political organization's primary object is, as we have often said, to maintain the stratification of society into two classes—a privileged, exploiting class, and a propertyless, dependent class; and the apparent rivalry and opposition among political organizations exists merely in order that this primary object may be obscured.

It costs the taxpayers and rentpayers of this country, apparently, about fifty million dollars a year to impair their own personal liberties and civil rights. According to the New York *Evening Sun*, the United States is the proud possessor of a system of secret police and governmental investigative organization that is rather ahead of anything that the old European monarchies had in stock, and they were pretty proficient in that line. The *Evening Sun* merely formulated and acknowledged a matter of open and notorious fact when it stated that in this land of the free there is scarcely a community that has not at least one Government agent spying upon or checking up the actions of its citizens; and that there is almost no form of activity, corporate or individual, that is not subject to some form of governmental investigation or prying. The *Evening Sun* credits this development largely to the Democratic Administration, which in a way is fair and in another way is not. The Wilson Administration did, in fact, build up this abominable bureaucracy, but any other Administration would, with the same opportunity, have done likewise.

IN other countries the citizenry is quite generally becoming aware of this and other-like amiable little devices of political government, and behaving accordingly. In this country, however, there is no great chance that the citizenry will soon be any other than the weak and easy mark that it now is. Hence it is that political government in the United States can proceed with the peculiar crudeness and rawness that it employs. It is really one of the most comical things in the world that a people can be induced to pay fifty million dollars a year to have their liberties curtailed, or four or five billion dollars a year to keep up the machinery which holds them as bond-slaves to privilege—and contentedly accept the verbosity of Messrs. Cox and Harding as a fair equivalent! It is impossible to wax indignant about this, because the thing is so voluminously and inconceivably absurd.

LAST week we mentioned Chicherin's statement that the reports from Warsaw and Paris about the state of the Soviet armies were fables; and sure enough, the news of the Russo-Polish war has faded off the front pages of the newspapers, and nothing of consequence seems to be doing. General Wrangel also is not setting the river afire. Several days ago—shortly after the French loan was underwritten—he was inconspicuously mentioned as having had a bad reverse, and since then, nothing much has been said about him. The Polish victory, whatever it really did amount to, had the effect of making Mr. Lloyd George blow cold upon Brother Krassin and his delegation, whereas he had been blowing quite hot for a couple of weeks or so. British policy towards Russia has been a remarkable study. Mr. Lloyd George has doubled in his tracks no fewer than six times since the palmy days of Kolchack, and seems now to be about where he started.

MEANWHILE, the Soviet Government is apparently doing a very tidy business with Germany. This paper has learned of one order for a thousand locomotives lately placed in Germany; which order was originally offered to an American concern, accepted, and arranged for satisfactorily down to the one little detail of the State Department's sanction. The Department was obdurate, however, and the order was lost. Indeed, it now appears that the Soviet Government has pretty well given up the idea of trading with us at all. Probably it is just as well, as long as the delectable personnel of Mr. Colby's Russian bureau remains what it is; although some of our principal manufacturers and exporters relict with woeful profanity at the loss of a good market. It must really be a little irksome for them to reflect that their loss is just so much clear gain for the villainous and bestial Hun, especially as they still shoulder a thundering burden of taxation incurred for the altruistic job of putting the Hun's thick neck beneath the heel of outraged civilization. Eh, what?

THE meanest rumour about the South Russian situation, however, comes from London, through the anti-Soviet Russian Liberation Committee. This concern gives out an official statement from Constantinople that Rear-Admiral McCully, of the United States Navy, has told Wrangel's Minister of Finance that the United States was ready to give him economic aid, and asked him for a memorandum of such supplies as he needed. Secretary Colby promptly denied this report; so, as in the

case of Chicherin versus the Warsaw and Paris dispatches, it simmers down to a question of veracity. Antecedent probability, as we pointed out last week in these columns, was then on the side of Chicherin; antecedent probability now is against Mr. Colby. The record of the United States Government from Archangel down to Mr. Baker's surreptitious little lift to Poland, the make-up of Mr. Colby's Russian bureau, the astonishing mendacity in Mr. Colby's recent note to the Italian Government, all combine to make it extremely improbable that Mr. Colby is telling the truth in this case, or that he could possibly tell the truth under any circumstances affecting the situation in Russia. Nevertheless he may be; but because it is so highly unlikely that he is, the matter should be sifted and ventilated. It would also be to the point to inquire more specifically what our battle-cruisers are doing around Danzig. "Protecting American interests" is all right as far as it goes, but we should like to have the Navy Department, in view of its mephitic record around Hayti and elsewhere, dish up a few particulars.

WHILE on this subject, we may recall that through the clandestine operations of the War Department this country has somewhere around 50 million dollars outstanding in six-year obligations with the Polish Government. It is worth noting that according to the statements of the Polish Minister of Finance, Poland's regular revenue does not cover one-half of her regular budget even, let alone the actual budget framed to include expenses incurred through the war. This actual budget comes to 14,700 million marks. The regular budget accounts for but 3,800 million of this; and to meet this 3,800 million, there is a revenue of 1,650 million marks. So there, as Mr. Dooley says, ye ar're. The Polish Government therefore proposes to increase taxation fourfold, and to introduce the cheerful feature of a "compulsory loan" of 14,000 million marks, at three per cent interest—if they can collect it, presumably. There is an alternative of a voluntary loan at five per cent. This pretty financial exhibit throws some light on the prospect that this country has of a return on Mr. Baker's underhanded investment in the fortunes of Poland. We suggest that the taxpayers and rentpayers of the country get up some kind of a memorial to Mr. Baker, urging him in the interest of sound finance to take the next public money that falls to his control and play the ponies with it. The returns will be surer and quicker, and the security just as good as the timberland in Silesia, or whatever similar inconvertible gold-brick it was—we have forgotten for the moment—on which he took a lien from Poland.

THIS exhibit also throws some light on the probable attitude of the Polish masses towards the Soviets' peace-terms; and goes far to explain the strange delays of the Polish commission to the peace-conference. The war against Russia, of course, is promoted by the great Polish landed proprietors in collusion with the French Government, acting for the interests that it represents; and the Polish commission, naturally, stands at their point of view. The Russian terms, first, disclaim any intention of imposing a revolution upon Poland; second, renounce any indemnity; and third, propose that land shall be distributed among the Polish families that have borne the weight of the war. Now, with the Polish budget standing as it does, and with the prospect of a fourfold increase in taxation and a compulsory loan, one would say that those terms might look pretty good to the common people of Poland, no matter how they may appear to the landed proprietors and to the French Foreign Office. Discussing them will be no very congenial task for the Polish commission, and it is no wonder that the poor souls are stringing out the preliminary negotiations as long as they can in the hope that some miracle of arms may yet spare them the necessity of talking about such demd unpleasant business.

THE new French loan of 100 million dollars runs for twenty-five years at eight per cent. Really, figuring in brokerage-charges, it costs France about ten per cent. Pretty steep, but as it does not and never will represent anything but the paper it is written on, the terms do not greatly matter, although the Paris papers ungratefully call them "onerous." These papers make a delightful and instructive distinction in their explanation of the loan. They say that the loan which is now to be paid off was not a loan between Governments, but from American bankers to the British and French Governments; and that is why the terms of the new loan are so "onerous." The United States Congress, they say, has been very generous to France, never having asked a cent of interest on Treasury loans to France during the war. The United States Government, in other words, is fairly soft and easy to deal with, but the United States bankers are something else again. Well, it is proverbially easy to be generous with other people's money; and with taxpayers' money, it is as easy as rolling off a log. Income-tax payers may take note of this distinction when they are forking up for the merciless requisitions of the collectors of internal revenue. They may come to agreement with this paper that the ethics of the United States Government in matters of public finance as in other matters, are practically indistinguishable from those of a Rumanian horse-thief.

WHEN one lends money in a private, friendly way, it is regarded as pretty poor taste to put strings on the loan or to admonish the borrower as to his use of it. This canon of delicacy does not hold in the practice of commercial borrowing. Banks, for instance, are very particular about asking an intending borrower what he is going to do with the money. It may not be in bad taste therefore to point out that France is borrowing money from this country to promote quite directly certain policies which are contrary to the policies, desires and suggestions expressed by the United States Government. Our Government pronounces in favour of the territorial integrity of Russia; France recognizes Wrangel, and proposes, in the words of Chicherin, "to transform the Crimean peninsula into an inviolable permanent asylum for the mutinous general." Our Government suggests that Poland's armies should stop at the Russian frontier; France urges Poland with all her might to go ahead and make an incursion into Russia. France's new alliances, her attitude towards Germany expressed in her advocacy of extreme rigour in the enforcement of the treaty-provisions, are all contrary to the spirit of very plain intimations made by our Government. Under these circumstances, it seems to us that France's effort to borrow money here, and above all, the complaint of her newspapers that the terms of the loan are "onerous," come with extremely bad grace.

NOR does it appear that we have yet finished with this matter of foreign financing. It is *vox populi* that some other foreign Governments are on their way to the Lombardy opposite Trinity Church, to hawk paper under the "onerous" exactions of the American bankers. Our own Government is also about to emit a tidy issue of 400 million dollars worth of paper for the Treasury to get on with in the matter of taking up obligations that will mature in the next month, and to meet some current bills. The first series of these new certificates will mature next March, and bears interest at five and three-quarters per cent; the second series will mature in one year, 15 September, 1921, and bears interest at six per cent. Again we say, pretty steep! This issue sets a high-water mark for the Treasury rate. But as it is only paper anyway, why not six per cent, or sixteen, or sixty! This business of borrowing oneself out of debt on the strength of paper, is lively while it lasts, even though it may not last long enough for all hands to get under cover. No wonder publishers all over the world are finding the paper-market so high.

THE annual report of the Council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders (British), in its roster of Governments that are more or less behindhand about paying up their obligations, mentions the continued default of our Southern States. Seven of them, it seems, owe an aggregate of some 60 million dollars, with arrears of interest running back for more than forty years. In addition, the report says, there is the seven per cent cotton loan of 1863 to the late Confederacy. One of the English papers calls it incredible that prosperous as we are, and in view of the financial straits of Europe, "such a state of affairs should be allowed to continue year after year, and it is perhaps not too much to hope, etc., etc." This has an ominous sound. Are those mildewed old Confederate bonds to be lugged out, dusted off and presented to Uncle Sam's depleted exchequer for payment?

For our part, we are just fond enough of an ornery joke to hope with all our heart that they will be. Let's see—wasn't it Mr. Lansing who got into such a tantrum of outraged propriety when the Soviet Government proposed to let the French bonds of the old Tsarist regime go permanently into the discard? We seem to remember that in one of his little literary efforts he said something about the duty of a Government to assume the financial obligations of the Government that it succeeded, or superseded, or something like that. It would be no end of fun to sit by and see what sort of a case could be made out concerning our responsibility for those Confederate bonds. Perhaps Mr. Jefferson Davis's Government was not a government; but in that case the Civil War was not a war, but only a riot; and the Southern representatives were entitled to their seats in Congress all the time, and when the riot was suppressed they should have resumed them at once by right, which it seems they did not do; and the martyr of the war was not Lincoln, as we all thought, but Andrew Johnson who—but why go into all the entertaining possibilities that the dispute might develop? It is a drab world, suffering for diversion; let us hear more about those bonds. We only hope, however, that the bondholders will not get purpled over the prospect of payment.

MR. HARDING took an audience of railwaymen into his confidence last week, and confessed that the United States Congress, in cooking up and passing the Esch-Cummins law, had done the very best it knew how to do with the railway-problem. None of his audience appeared to take issue with that remark; probably because any person of ordinary intelligence knows that the United States Congress draws more money for the exercise of less collective wisdom than any like body in the world. To say that the Congress did its best with the railway-situation is to put up a pretty poor excuse for the Esch-Cummins law. There are two facts in the railway-situation that no politician dare so much as cast a sheep's eye at. One is that the railways of this country have received land-grants and money-grants at the hands of the public, valuable enough to pay the entire cost of their construction several times over. The other is that the deterioration of the railways is due, not as Mr. Harding would have us believe, to the negligence of the Government's administration, but to the policy established from the beginning, of running them primarily as dividend-producers. If Mr. Harding had undertaken to explain how, in the face of these facts, a body of most mediocre men could bring itself to guarantee the railways a return of six per cent on their stock—watered or otherwise—to be paid for by enormous rate-increases, his audience might well have sat up and taken notice. But Mr. Harding did not try to explain it; he simply said that the Congress had done its best. Perhaps, really, that was explanation enough.

EVIDENTLY President Wilson does not feel that the Government of the United States has anything to learn from the present plight of the British and Italian Govern-

ments, in face of the power of organized labour. The degree of politeness to which those Governments have been brought in their dealings with the economic organization might have proved a valuable guide to Mr. Wilson in handling the situation in the anthracite-coal fields. But the President either preferred to assume that labour in this country is still as firmly convinced as he himself appears to be, of the *jus divinum* of political government, or he guessed that it lacked the solidarity necessary to enforce its demands. Whatever his reasons may have been, he has adopted a most uncompromising attitude towards the request of the miners for a readjustment of the award made by the Anthracite Commission. He may get away with it, for it is undoubtedly true that American labour is behind its European brethren in both intelligence and strength of organization. But if Mr. Wilson chooses to close his eyes to developments in the European labour-situation, it does not follow that American workmen will forever do likewise.

THERE is, however, considerable educational value for labour in the President's dealing with the miners' representatives. The thoughtful workman will learn from the President's intractableness that labour may expect justice from political government only in such measure as it is prepared to exact justice through economic pressure. And perhaps the labourer who was one hundred per cent patriotic during the war, will be brought to question the value of a relationship in which the obligations are as one-sided as in the relation between the workman and political government. Let the mind of the American workman get going along such lines as these, and his European brethren will probably not keep their lead over him very long; and if the President's letter does not give his mind a start in the right direction, nothing will.

THE Italian labour-movement seems to have let politics alone and confined its revolutionary activity pretty strictly to industry. So much at least, may be said about a situation of which very few facts are known. One of the recent reports contains the following interesting statement:

At the same time many persons believed that the advocates of an industrial revolution really had a political revolution in contemplation, and that to make the latter inevitable they had simply to press the industrial revolution to its logical conclusion, when, with all the industries of the country under the soviet regime, all political government would cease, having nothing more to govern.

Whether the Italians purposely or by accident abstained from political action, their method is extremely instructive. That it could produce a line like the foregoing in one of our daily papers, shows how instructive it is. We have elsewhere in this issue shown our reasons for thinking that too much is not to be expected from the Italian effort; but it has great educative value. Generally speaking, the present movements of labour are important as tending to show the supremacy of economic power over political force, the true nature of political government and the true position of capital as a factor in production. It will probably take many years and many failures before those who hold economic power and are beginning to be aware that they hold it, can discern clearly those purposes towards which alone it can be exercised for the permanent good of society.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY.

SOMETIMES nothing is more embarrassing than success, and with woman suffrage definitely won, we can sympathize with those organizations that helped to bring it about, as they now ask themselves, "What next?" Organizations, like the National Woman's Party, brought together and welded into an effective working unit, have now accomplished their ostensible purpose, and may well ask themselves if they any longer have any real warrant for existing. Their question gains additional point from the simple fact that no backfire to the result they have accomplished may be expected. Unlike, for example, the Anti-Saloon League, which has also achieved its life-long ambition, the suffragists will not have the excuse of fighting nullification. For many years to come the Anti-Saloon League will have its job cut out for it on the enforcement question, however much it may now talk about prohibition being as dead as slavery; something like the experience of Maine, where every election has its enforcement and non-enforcement side, will probably be the unhappy experience of the country at large. The Eastern industrial sea-board and Great Lakes cities will, one may confidently predict, try by some method or other to evade the liquor-law and will constantly be injecting the issue into local Congressional campaigns. How long this will last, it is of course impossible to say, but certainly long enough to warrant the Anti-Saloon League—in its own eyes, that is—continuing as a kind of perpetual and alert vigilance-committee.

But such is decidedly not the case with the woman-suffrage Amendment: it is the universal experience of democracies that the suffrage privilege (or right) may be extended, but it is never withdrawn (the alien-exclusion clauses in Canda were obviously the temporary aberrations of war-hysteria). No one will for long seriously challenge this Amendment, and from a practical point of view the question of theoretical right may be regarded as closed.

Yet the organizations that helped to bring about this victory naturally feel some reluctance about dissolving. They have been created at considerable sacrifice; they have enlisted the best efforts of many capable women for a number of years; they have proved their ability to accomplish a definite result pragmatically. Now that their original aim has been reached, shall the mechanisms of organization, the enthusiasm and devotion behind them, be dissipated into thin air? Can not these working organizations be turned to some other purpose? Can not they be made to function as effectively in other and perhaps more important ways?

Having ourselves had the suffrage-right for a number of years, and never having profited overmuch by it, and consequently having rather marvelled at the earnestness of these organizations in striving to attain what, at best, seemed a dubious good, we do not honestly feel in a position to offer definite advice on the subject. But being in no sense wiser, only a trifle more experienced in the joys of exercising the right to vote, we may possibly be forgiven if we offer two or three practical suggestions for whatever they may be worth.

In the first place, the winning of woman suffrage comes at a rather unfortunate time in the history of our political democracy. It comes, in a word, at a time of profound disillusion; a disillusion confined to

no one country but common, in varying degree, to all. The faiths and assumptions of even 1914 seem to an ever-increasing number of people outworn, if not actually false. Parliamentary or congressional government, political government pure and simple, is everywhere under suspicion. Not only are the bases of representation—territorial, instead of economic or professional, units—recognized as wholly inadequate, but the method of representation has become so clumsy and corrupt that it is indeed difficult to speak accurately of representation at all. The primaries have not remedied the matter, as everyone now recognizes, for there, too, the political machine has found effective ways of imposing its own will on the electorate. In brief, the choices given to the voter on his ballot are increasingly felt to be no choices at all, or else to be merely forlorn hopes upon which it is entirely useless to waste one's time.

But over and above all this, is a deeper suspicion still. Even where, as in a few scattered cases, direct representation can and does occur, invariably the politician elected succumbs to the insidious influences of the nature of government itself; he repudiates in practice the supposed principles on which he was elected. This has been the uniform and melancholy experience of those European countries that have hopefully sent Socialists and radicals of the Left to the legislative chambers. The scientist and philosopher, finally, comes in with an ultimate and crushing indictment, namely that, granted the majority knows what it wants, granted it gets it, there is no reason to suppose and every reason to doubt that what the majority wants and gets is in any rational sense good for it or anybody else.

It is as true to-day as it ever was that majorities are usually wrong and minorities right. In fact, it is now even more strikingly the case. To-day we are fed on propaganda from the cradle to the grave, and the opportunity for any independent individual judgment is increasingly rare. The appeals to the voter by the professional politician are what they have always been—appeals to cupidity, to sentiment, and to pugnacity. They always, of course, defeat their own end, but the mass-pressure is greater rather than less. Politics, the whole machinery of the democratic ballot, no less than any other system, is coming to be seen in its true light—a method of exploiting the mass of people by small but powerful privileged interests which possess the organs of publicity and education. For that reason, following the educative discomforts and disillusion of the war and the ensuing peace, masses of workers the world over are turning from the futility of parliamentary or Congressional Government to direct economic action and co-operation. They are discovering their own power. They are not so much directly repudiating the ballot, as attempting to find more direct and simple methods of giving expression to their desires. They are not so much hostile to political government as they are increasingly apathetic towards it, and quite frankly so.

This is the world-mood which contemporary intelligent women must recognize as that which greets the granting of suffrage to them, and it is a mood which also must be something like a dash of cold water on their former perhaps too fond hopes. The rather naïve, if perfectly sincere, idealism which united them on a common platform has lost its savour. With some-think akin to dismay they are learning the bitter truth of de Tocqueville's saying that the institutions and political structure of a State are worth no more than the enlightened public opinion which dominates them.

As the older philosophers thought that if they could only establish their system, truth would somehow be found miraculously to inhere in it, so the suffragists assumed that if they could only somehow win the vote, all things would be added unto them. It must be distinctively disconcerting to discover that the vote in itself is a meaningless piece of fiction.

Of course, if they really wished, there are many specific things these organizations could do. If all the women in them, and their sympathizers, for example, desired a uniform divorce-law of a definite type—if they could all agree upon it and regard it as the paramount objective of all of them—they could easily put such a uniform law upon the statute-books, or even into the Federal Constitution, as Mr. Bryan is said to plan to put into it “the single standard of morals.” By copying the non-partisan method made famous by the Anti-Saloon League, that is, by threatening to withdraw their united votes from any candidate not advocating their pet measure, they would have no difficulty in turning the trick. It is an easy form of political coercion, granted a large body of united voters wanting one single, simple, “moral” object. Similarly, if they were united on a single educational measure, or a single public-health measure they could by the same methods bend the legislatures to their will. If they care as much about the evil of child-labour as they do about the theoretical right to vote, they can abolish it—at least, by law.

But to state these ifs is only to show how baseless are such assumptions as a matter of fact. The truth is, women, as a class certainly, and even the women within the suffrage organizations we have referred to, are not united on a single measure of this or any other kind. They differ very sharply on all these questions; just as the men do, and on much the same lines. To be sure, in general the women vote for candidates favouring prohibition and other restrictive legislation upon the immoral male, who has had much too easy a time of it, in their opinion, these many years. In conjunction with the churches of the evangelical type, they will unquestionably use their political influence to clutter up the statute books with all kinds of “mothering” laws. We are without doubt in for, as Dean Inge said, an ice-water drinking gynococracy. Mere man will have to pay for his years of delusive freedom. But all this, we believe, is only a passing phase; and certainly this sort of tyranny is not now, and was not when they were started, the real objective of these woman suffrage organizations. They hoped for some more liberal outcome, and in all probability look upon these consequences with dismay, even if they were the indirect and partial cause of them.

Of course, too, these organizations can force women public officials upon us. They can see that women are elected to certain offices and appointed to others. But this quite aside from the fact that on the whole such elections and appointments will be a good thing, is really very small potatoes for so much effort and idealism. Just to get a few women into administrative and executive offices will hardly be, leaving out the question of any jealousy, a sufficiently inspiring task to hold these organizations together. To sum it up, even if a bit brutally, we can see no reason whatever for these organizations longer to continue in existence. They have won what they went after; and that is what mighty few organizations ever do. They may now be content and rest from their labours. It may be the part of courage never to know when you are beaten; it is the part of decency to know when you have won.

ILLUSIONS OF THE LANDLESS.

THE news from Italy of the metal-workers strike is particularly interesting because it exhibits practically all the elements of the Russian industrial revolution. In Milan and Turin the workers have occupied the factories, and in many respects they seem to be masters of the situation, but they are masters only in name and for the time, for already they are finding how difficult it is to take over the factories and run them in the interests of labour unless they have the good will and support of the supervisors and the technicians. It has not taken them long to find out that under this economic system administration is a factor to be reckoned with in any industrial revolution. A dispatch from Rome says that “the men have no adequate direction and expert advice in carrying on the work of the different factories, and are declared to have made advances to technical employees, asking them to make common cause with the workers.” It seems that the Engineers’ Association has emphatically declined this suggestion; which is quite to be expected because the technical expert is as a rule, by his social and industrial affiliations, remote from socialist theory of any kind. It is true that technicians of socialist persuasion are not infrequently found in professional associations, but their influence on the body of their associates seldom in a political sense, extends very far.

The primary question seems to be whether it is practically possible for the Italian workers to take over the factories and run them successfully without the co-operation of technical and administrative experts. In Russia, Lenin found out very soon that it could not be done. Indeed, one of the most significant incidents of the industrial revolution in Russia was the quickness with which Lenin saw the grave danger of utter industrial chaos, and the alacrity of his move away from the principles of Marxian socialism to what is called by loose thinkers the individualistic system, and his coming to terms with the experts of industry. Whether Lenin’s course will be followed by the workers in Italy, remains to be seen; but from the advices that have reached us it looks as though the employers and the experts are at agreement to permit the industrial revolution there to come to a chaotic end.

There is, moreover, to be considered how the workers are to be supplied with the necessary raw materials. All the dispatches received here from Milan, Turin and Rome indicate quite clearly the enormous difficulties the workers have to contend with in finding supplies of raw material. In this matter the Italian industrial revolutionists are at an unusual disadvantage. They, unlike the Russians, have a system of landlordism which is all in favour of the employers, the technicians and the administrators. In Russia, raw materials of all kinds were to be had, but not so in Italy; coal, coke, crude oil, and other such primary necessities have to be imported, or can be obtained at home only in trifling amounts. Semi-raw materials of all kinds are imported in huge quantities.

Here is another case of industrial revolution apparently doomed to defeat, because it is begun at the wrong end of the economic scale. The Italian industrial revolution will almost surely end disastrously; and those who will be hit hardest will be the workers themselves, for they have done just what the French did on several occasions, and what the Russians also did. They have made their start by taking over the factories, without first dealing with the landlord, who

is the supreme ruler of the natural resources from which labour has to draw all raw materials, and the landlord will reveal a power, over their revolution, far more effective than the power that any government can exert or that the co-operating employers and the technicians can exert. Then, further, the Italian situation shows clearly that it is impossible for the workers to carry out any industrial revolution under the present economic system, until economic internationalization has taken place. The employers and technicians can put a stop to the importation of the supplies of raw material, and at the same time they can neutralize domestic and foreign markets so far as the purchase of manufactured articles is concerned. They themselves can afford to wait while the revolutionists are piling up a mountain of difficulties. They may have to go on what is for them short commons, for a time, but men in that position usually have something put by for a rainy day. It is tolerably certain that the workers will be reduced to extremities long before their opponents feel the pinch of poverty. And in all this conflict the employers, the technicians, the supervisors, and the administrators of industry have the landlord at their backs in the absolutely impregnable position that he has always occupied under our economic system. The holder of natural resources can laugh at any and every industrial revolution which is begun by the "socialization of industry."

The capitalistic system arose from the expropriation of the mass of the people from the soil. That is the fundamental fact pointed out by Marx in "Das Kapital," but as he does it in the last chapter, most of his disciples have never discovered it and are unaware that he has pointed it out at all. That was the way by which the worker was deprived of his economic alternative, and the worker without an alternative is in a hopeless position. Strikes and industrial revolutions take place with increasing frequency, bringing only an illusion to the landless, to the expropriated masses who have been thrust into the labour market, there to compete with one another and depress wages. These strikes and revolutions have value of the kind that we have often remarked, and are not to be deprecated; but otherwise they are futile. The only sound beginning is by first undoing the wrong that Marx referred to, by dealing scientifically with the land-question. The labour-question is the land-question. Socialists, whether led by Lenin or Malatesta or Sidney Webb or Eugene Debs, might profitably turn from the Italian news-dispatches to muse upon Marx's great chapter on the modern theory of colonization. Not until this economic lesson is thoroughly learned can any effective reform of industry take place. It must be clearly understood that private ownership of economic rent is the root of all the present industrial discontent. No one has put this quite so clearly as Tolstoy:

It is sufficient to understand all the criminality, the sinfulness, of the situation in this respect, in order to understand that until this atrocity, continually being committed by the owners of the land, shall cease, no political reforms will give freedom and welfare to the people, but that, on the contrary, only the emancipation of the majority of the people from that land-slavery in which they are now held can render political reforms, not a plaything and a tool for personal aims in the hands of politicians, but the real expression of the will of the people.

Neither political nor industrial reforms will give freedom to the people. What did political reform do for France? What has it done for England? What did the most highly specialized developments of paternalism do for Germany? There is only one thing to be done first, and this is to re-impropriate the

mass of the people upon the soil by the confiscation of economic rent. Mere haphazard and superficial revolutionary activity, whatever its collateral value—and it is bound to be relatively slight—is sterile. Henry George said:

Social reform is not to be secured by noise and shouting, by complaints and denunciation, by the formation of parties or the making of revolutions, but by the awakening of thought and the progress of ideas. Until there be correct thought there can not be right action, and when there is correct thought right action will follow.

Perhaps the Italian industrial revolution will provide a salutary illustration of this great truth, no matter what apparent benefit may accrue to the workers in the terms they make with the employers. Only apparent they will be, no matter how impressively the revolution may end, for whatever the power wielded by Italian labour, it will be found that a greater power is silently, constantly, at work frustrating labour's efforts and hopes; and this power is the landlord's.

DOMINANT POLITICAL QUESTIONS.

THE political situation here seems to disturb the understanding of some of our visitors from Europe. A shrewd British politician visiting our shores, asks if we have nothing else to talk about than the "contributions to the party-funds, and the defunct League of Nations." Perhaps this stranger in our midst sees more of the game than the participants and makes a better estimate of the situation, for Britishers are above all else, experienced politicians, though the present troubled state of affairs in the Kingdom seems hardly to confirm that impression.

Yet, there is a political situation here, but it is very hard to find. It is no use searching the columns of our newspapers for an inkling of it, it is no use reading the speeches of the candidates of the two great parties for an appreciation of it. Indeed the ordinary channels of political information are closed, and looking for a needle in a hay-stack would be an inspiring task beside that of searching press and platform to find the dominant political question of the day. The tariff has for so many years served both parties with controversial matter that now with that question settled, save for an occasional bleat, there seems to be no great domestic problem worth engaging the attention of the leaders of the old parties. The slush fund debate may be spun out over the next six or eight weeks and serve the purpose of the Democrats down to the very hour of polling, and the question of a League of Nations may provide all the thunder that is necessary for the Republican guns. From all appearances we are not likely to have worthier questions cluttering the party-issues. The party managers have decided that they can afford to ignore the real political situation, which they dare not face; for neither League of Nations nor slush-fund can by any stretch of the imagination be called a reality. The citizen, however, is faced by realities that will not be ignored. He meets them every day of his life, and all day, and the most profound political reality that he confronts is taxation.

Taxation is to him a matter of profound concern. He has seen how the game of taxation has been worked during this money-making war. He has seen how nominal wage has been beaten in the race with the high cost of necessities and how the landlord who is virtually subsidized by the Federal Government, so far as the value of his land is concerned, has, together with the great magnates of the building-industry made fortunes out of the dwellers in the towns. He has learned enough about the system of taxing wealth to

know that he does not escape a crushing burden no matter what the income-tax minimum may be. It is hard to imagine him working himself up into a state of partisan hysteria over the slush-fund or the League of Nations! Perhaps this conflict with reality accounts for the complaint that goes up occasionally from the managers about the apathy and indifference of the man in the street. In facing the realities of existence, the elector is too busy with ways and means to do more than wonder what his burden of taxation will be hereafter, no matter who is in the White House, or which party has a majority in Congress. All talk of reduction of the excess-profit tax must leave at least eighty-five per cent of the electors cold; and any suggestion that has been made from the platforms of reducing the income-tax on industry, or the raising of the minimum, must, on a moment's thought, seem very unreal to the vast mass of income-tax payers. They know, they can not help knowing, that debt is piling up enormously, and that the chance of any of our erstwhile Allies making any actual reduction of their indebtedness to us, is extremely remote. If the income-tax payer ever thinks about the League of Nations, it can be but to wonder how a league of the decorative kind that has been at work in Europe, can reduce taxation for him. Again he has only to think of the slush-fund, to assure himself that the contributors to it are not filling their quotas with the generous intention of making life any easier for him.

Intimately associated with the real issue of taxation, which no candidate from Ohio dare discuss, is the settlement of Europe; and it may be occurring to the elector to ask himself how his condition is to be bettered, so long as the majority of European governments are in the hands of international syndicates who are bent on exploiting the natural resources of Russia, Asia and Africa, no matter what it may cost the world's taxpayers and rentpayers. He may see by now that the bill of costs that has been piling up since the armistice, a bill which includes several very large items for which his own Government has been responsible, has not only thrown American finance and commerce into a chaotic state, but that it has aggravated the question of taxation here to a most extraordinary degree. Surely a man who thinks this far, is not to be hoodwinked by such jugglery as has been necessary, for instance, to float the last French loan. He must understand what it means to the taxpayers of this country when they have to pay such a price to enable France to pay a little of the money she owes us. Taxation and the settlement of Europe are the true political issues of the moment. As such they should be uppermost in the minds of candid voters, even though they have to do their own thinking on these matters without aid from platform or press. The party managers laugh in their sleeves, however, and know that the force of inertia will prevail again next November, that the true political situation does not matter very much so long as the electors take the very small amount of trouble necessary to make a choice between Messrs. Harding and Cox.

AN AGE OF HIRED MEN.

WHEN Xenophon was chosen leader of the ten thousand his first proposal was to burn the wagons lest the baggage wrest the command of the expedition from him. He knew that men who travel fast must travel light. The Czecho-Slovaks, now on the last lap of their journey around the earth, will arrive home with little of that which they carried away with them. They

had to choose between their destination and their luggage, and they chose the former. The rule holds good in politics and economics as well as on the open road. A man with great possessions is a stick-in-the-mud. Home-keeping youths gather the moss and retain their homely wits.

Nearly all of us are home-keepers and husbandmen, knit together in the great fraternity of things-as-they-are, and naturally intolerant of the foot-loose beggar who can quit his place without notice or compunction. Without the shadow of a doubt marriage and children, as we know them at present, constitute the most effective brakes on progress toward generally recognized ideals, the most immovable barriers in the way of individual and industrial justice. If we were all celibates the present system would not last a fortnight. Our shares, large and small, in the good things of existing civilization, are necessary to us because we have dependents, and to keep those shares we must faithfully conform to the ideals and standards of life as it is being lived about us. A workman with only his own living to make is practically impregnable beside the father of a family. Most of us have given hostages, not alone to fortune, but more particularly to the powers that be, and those powers are themselves no less committed to the schemes we all uphold.

Syndicalism and the I. W. W. flourish among single men—voluntary bachelors or victims of a social order which ruthlessly excludes a certain proportion of the population. There are more men than women in the United States by about three millions, and in the regions where the unattached men abound—such as the lumber camps of Washington and Oregon—the prevalent brand of radicalism is of a daring and careless variety that may be envied but is never emulated in cities where mating is approximately universal. These wild fellows have much to gain and nothing much to lose. The others have almost as much to gain, but they would lose heavily if they took the preliminary steps toward the additional rewards and freedom they desire, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the forest. They knuckle down, play the game according to the approved rules, and hope for luck. They grumble to themselves, to their friends, to their wives, about the loaded dice and cold decks customarily employed by their superiors. They know when they are being cheated, look with subdued animosity on the fortunate few, and perhaps in the end argue themselves into a philosophic acceptance of servitude. If they rise in the scale to positions of trust which demand lip-service as well as manual labour they are likely to go over to the former enemy merely to placate an insistent conscience. The salesman hypnotizes himself with his own phrases into a belief in the excellent quality of his article, and no man can sing psalms forever in the temple of Baal without a softening of the moral and intellectual fibre. In time he is unsure of what is good and what is evil, or can see no distinctions at all. The humbler participants—janitors, door-boys, and sprinklers of incense—are moved as they grow older to deeper and deeper disgust with the proceedings. But to quit their posts would mean ruin—not for them, of course, for they could fling down the glorious challenge and walk the highways, but for their wives and children.

A newspaper, for example, is the product of the labour of six or seven hundred men and women. Excluding those who are too young or too thoughtless to gauge the situation, all these workers are cynical about

the task of supplying conventional reading matter to an unreflecting public. The newsboy on the corner yells his version of the headlines and sells his wares solely to make money. He has no other purpose in the world. The pressman tends his machine and the sporting editor spreads his dope on the page with the same end in view. The printer sets up advertisements and the linotyper puts the editorials into type because of the weekly pay envelope that appeases the landlord and the grocer. The writer of editorials is not out to reform the social system but to keep the home fires burning. All these may take pride in doing their work well; this is usually all that is left to them; but the paper when it comes out does not represent them in any sense of the word. If any one of them made a policy of saying what he actually thought he would quickly be set adrift, and in any other position he would be as badly off. The editor himself holds his control only by pleasing the owner and making the property pay. An editor's salary is fairly large, and once having had it a man would be hard put to explain to his folks at home why they must get along without it. And the owner, as firmly bound as the rest, knows that he must maintain his policy and make an appeal which is not inconsistent with the business interests of the big advertisers or he will be obliged to forgo—and his family will have to give up with him—the prestige, the luxuries, the generousities to which he is accustomed. So far as he himself is concerned it might sometimes be done. But his family holds a veto power—an unconscious, silent, incapable mandate.

All this is not, as it may seem, an indictment of the family, though with the economic independence of women, if it comes about, many of these bonds may be loosed. It has a more direct bearing on the problem of conscious evolution. Nearly every business, large or small, is permeated with the same discouragement and disbelief which can be traced so obviously through the ranks of the army that turns out a modern daily. There is no heart in the performance. We are nearly all mercenaries, fighting under alien banners for hire. Nothing keeps us at our tasks save the silver penny at the end of the day. The institutions in which we labour, the banks, the manufactories, the schools, the transportation systems, no longer compel our allegiance. They are not ours. They do not represent us. They serve us meagrely and by the way. The whole weight of the complicated industrial fabric swings dead on a taut thread of gold. If it were not for the hostages we have given we would have demanded a great remodelling long ago; and that single strand will not hold to the end of time. Who has not heard the song of "The Two Grenadiers"?

VIGNETTES OF CITY LIFE: VI.

A CONVERT TO COTTON.

BROADWAY! I, too, have been one of your worshippers, snared by your painted lips and your incandescent smile. As various are your appeals, perhaps, as the thousands who swarm along your walks, between your rows of indescribably ugly buildings which make the night golden with the bizarre loveliness of their electric signs. More too you are, much more, than the mere escape from dull routine into joyousness or revel. Dreamers walk along Broadway companioned by Melpomene, and underneath some brilliant portal that splashes pools of gold upon the rain-washed asphalt, men and women enter into an ideal land. There is jazz in your clanging restaurants, and Mozart, perfect and serene, in your ugly opera-house. Hamlet has mused along Broadway, and the Goddess Lubricity in her limousine has been held up while Peter Pan made a triumphant crossing and crowded upon the farther curb.

Affected thus to rhapsody by a stretch of street, I could hardly be surprised when young Ashley fell in love with it. Ashley came to us a cub. He was something over medium height, with a straight carriage, wide shoulders, a deep chest, a tremendous, almost a crushing grip when he shook hands, and the elastic tread of tireless and healthy youth. He wore low shoes and neither waistcoat nor overcoat, no matter what the weather, partly out of bravado, perhaps, but more because he was too full-blooded to need them. His eyes were blue and frank, his laugh infectious. Everybody liked him, down to the office-boys who admired the ease with which he could pick up a chair in one hand by the lower rung, and the telephone girl upon whom he could not help turning his smile—everybody, that is, but the city editor. The city editor was dyspeptic, and health annoyed him. He was no longer young, and youth provoked him. He had the old-fashioned newspaper conscience, and Ashley was not too accurate either with his facts or his grammar. So Ashley found himself assigned to the task of gathering theatrical items along the Rialto. Nobody expects them to be accurate, and they are only important on a dull night, anyway.

But Ashley was happy; he had fallen in love with Broadway. He could walk into any theatre now, of course, and stand as long as he liked at the rear, watching over and over some favourite scene, or listening to, some admired song. Sometimes he went "behind" for news, sniffing joyously that curious odour of dust and painted canvas. He knew the atmospheric expectancy of "first nights." He called, in the afternoon, at managers' and press-agents' offices, gossiping with players looking for jobs, swapping repartee with pert stenographers, collecting photographs, listening always to that odd mixture of gossip and avarice and vanity and idealism which is the conversation of Broadway. He often returned to Broadway after midnight, his copy all in, to swing up it on foot towards his lodgings, his chest expanded to the cold night air, his head tipped up a little so that he could see all the Babylonian lamps.

When summer came, with a terrific July heat, Ashley got his two weeks vacation, and decided to take a second fortnight without pay. We vaguely suspected his family circumstances were comfortable, from the clothes he wore and his general manner. But when he told us he was going down to his father's place at Bar Harbour, and casually mentioned a yawl, we had visions of a summer Elysium for him that made our prospective vacations poor enough. He departed one evening at midnight.

Five days later, dropping in at a roof garden to see if I could escape the heat a little, or at least divert my mind by the sufferings of the dancers, I was astonished to see Ashley seated at a side table. He was all alone, alternately watching the stage and the audience with an expression of serene enjoyment. I accosted him, demanding an explanation. He laughed a bit sheepishly.

"Bored," he answered. "Fog up there, and nothing doing."

He spent the rest of his vacation on Broadway. When he went to work again, he had no more tan than the oldest copy-reader with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain against his alpaca waistcoat. The next winter he fell in love with three actresses and two plays, in addition to a Viennese musical comedy. But he did not improve as a reporter, nor did he lose any of his youthful buoyancy and charm. How far his affairs with the actresses went, I had no means of knowing, but I fancy not far. With the plays it was a different matter. He stood through them again and again; he accepted their language as purest poetry, their "philosophy" as the soundest criticism of life. Beyond them, and the production of others like them, and the whole little world of Broadway which acted and witnessed and adorned them, with its lights, its crowds, its kaleidoscopic play upon the senses, he seemed to know nothing, and to care even less.

Shortly after, I went away. It was three or four years later that I chanced to board a night train in the South. Waking up in the Carolinas, I went into the washroom to dress—and there was Ashley!

"What on earth—" I began, wincing under the grip of his fingers, which were harder than of old.

"Long way from Broadway, eh?" he grinned. "Just got aboard—didn't have time to shave at home."

"At home?"

"Sure, I've got a great farm down here. Going up now to see about tractors. Co-operative machinery's the great thing nowadays."

"But," I gasped, "why are—you were so—"

He washed the lather from his face, which was tanned a rich brown, and squared his big shoulders.

"Don't ask me," he said. "I was a bum reporter, and I'm no better now; I can't tell you. Can anybody? But it all got so—so—so damned unimportant. Cotton and corn and Soudan grass, they're real, and so are the folks that try to make 'em grow."

"But what converted you to cotton?"

"Cotton? Oh, that's an accident. The old man got a plantation wished on him."

"No, I mean, what converted you from Broadway?"

"Nothing," he answered, as if puzzled. "I've told you—just got so damned unimportant. As near as I can dope it out, a young chap has about so much excess health in him that has to be blown off in running after the bright lights, and then he just naturally comes to, and beats it; or else they get him for good—you know what I mean. You've seen that kind of man. Well, I'm not that kind—that's all. What are you doing with yourself?"

It wasn't that he had something to conceal; he had literally told all there was to tell, or all he could consciously shape into words. So then we talked agriculture.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

THE CULTURE OF THE NORTHWEST.

SOME day there will be a dictionary of regional designations in the United States which will be a compendium of history. For a single exemplar, take the Northwest. In pre-Columbian times it was to the central valleys what the Tartar Steppes were to Europe, a hive of races, swarming destructively. These destroyers drove out the Mound Builders and raided as far south as the Cities That Died of Fear. And then when the raiders had made cities for themselves new tribes came to their ravaging. They were a tall, high-nosed, free striding people, with a genius for organization and an incurable passion for independence; great lovers they were too—no other tribes had so many legends of things done and endured for love—and for sport they played, in communities, a game that combines all the most vigorous elements of baseball and tennis.

These things are prophetic. The land has its own way with aborigines; they take its qualities as the smaller fry take its protective colouring.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the Northwest comprised all that territory lying west of the Appalachians, and north of the Ohio and the Platte rivers. The Mexican War definitely sheared off the Pacific coast strip and defined it as the Far West.

Then came the Gold Rush which established the country between the Missouri and the Arkansas as the plains, a little later, the Plain States. The Civil War gave us a concept of the Middle West, inclusive of the commonwealths between the Ohio and the Great Lakes. Thus by elimination the Northwest became the territory between the Canadian border on the north and the Middle West and the Plains States on the south, stretching westward to the Rockies. During the past ten years, through an increasing likeness in their cultures, Michigan tends to get itself included in the Middle West, together with the eastern part of Wisconsin. By a similar affinity, Oregon detaches itself from the Pacific Coast and is politically classed with Idaho, Montana, Minnesota, and North and South Dakota.

Vast potencies were shed on the Northwest by contiguous cultures. First came the race of La Salle, Radisson, Marquette and Hennepin, Lewis and Clark, dreamers of dreams shaped by the same influences that are to-day coming visibly to the front in the social and political life of the region. First of all, the Northwest is what all lands must be that nourish

great cultures, an enormous food producer. Its first effect is that of spaciousness. The very dimensions are prodigious; all England could be dropped into the smallest of its states, and still have room to feel itself an island.

And not space alone, but character. The wheat-lands rise and fall with infinite steady intention toward the mountains—the far "blue cloud on the horizon" sighted by Zebulon Pike—a moving tide of land. Surely Louis of France must turn in his sleep sometimes for the sake of that lost empire of La Salle and Duluth.

Then came the trappers, the true road-makers. They sowed the region with high adventure of individual endurance and wit. The gold-seekers followed, then the shepherds and cattle-men, the lumber kings, and lastly the steel corporation—pillagers all of them, but on the Homeric scale, justifying themselves to the imagination—cattle on a thousand hills (government hills, be it noted), sheep like locusts, rivers of logs. In northern Minnesota the steel corporation of to-day is ripping the iron guts out of the mountains with a rage that stupefies; shifting in a few months in the largest open pit mine in the world, a weight of soil equal to the whole Panama Canal displacement. If they do not tell you everywhere you go in the Northwest, that everything they have is the largest of its kind in the world, it is because, in its familiarity, the fact has momentarily slipped their minds. Even the flour mills by the rivers have the grand air of palaces. You expect to see tall white creatures come out of them, talking like kings. (As a matter of fact the best English that I have heard talked in rural America was spoken on Minnesota farms.)

At St. Paul they told me that they were building the largest organ in the world, not for the sake of largeness, but, so I gathered, in order to overcome the present social unrest by establishing centres of musical harmony. And this from people who have the reputation of being the most persistent and idealistic unresters! To talk like that in New York and preserve your self-respect you must have longish hair, a soft tie and an international reputation. In the Northwest you hear it from plain people, without any pretensions. It goes with the landscape.

It is the fashion just now to speak with measured extenuation of the Pioneer, a fashion set by a few young gentlemen in New York whose hands have known no sterner implement than the typewriter, to whom the Pioneer is the villain of our national romance, holding the lovely lady Art too long in duress vile. It is even surmised that he may have done the lady violence, and that her earliest offspring carry the stripes of an enforced parentage. Now my own private suspicion has always been that the gaucheries of early American art are too often due to an attempt on the part of stepfatherly critics to model its free native movement after European patterns; fortunately the Northwest is altogether too far removed from New York ever to have been stepfathered by the critics in this way.

We know very little of how those roots are nourished from which artists may spring. But so far as we are able to observe them in America, artists come to and flower only in those places where there has been high individuality of adventure and deeply centred spiritual restraint. There have been few artists of any sort, and no great ones, out of the slave-pampered South. And the spark kindled on the Pacific Coast

by the Argonauts was quickly extinguished by the influx of complacent prosperity. With all the ballast that their pockets carry, who could accept Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks as equivalents—for Mark Twain and Bret Harte?

The top-soil of culture in the Northwest is chiefly north-European stock, Scandinavians, North-Germans, Finns, Icelanders, and a handful from the submerged Czecho-Slovakian strain. Sturdy farmer peoples with a tradition of self-respect and conscious idealism, they have in a single generation produced the most forthright culture in all the length and breadth of the United States.

That the rest of the country remains largely uninformed and unimpressed by the achievement of the Northwest, is owing to its indigenous and communal character. To be judged, it must be seen in action, a vigorous growth throwing up tall shoots but not yet flowering in specific works of art. One must indeed have clearly in mind the distinction between art-life and art-work to come into any fruitful relationship with the Northwest.

Two producers of notable works of art, sculptors both, have been touched by the spirit of the Northwest; one of Danish, the other of Swedish stock, Gutzon Borglum and David Edstrom. Both these men have preferences for the colossal even in their smallest pieces, and both are touched with the sense of art as a communal expression. There is also a marked tendency for architecture in the Northwest to assume the expansive, the monumental quality. One observes that it will be a towered and spired architecture, not for any such utilitarian compulsion as reared the towers of New York, but for the same reason that the aborigines were Sun worshippers, and the Egyptian Kings built them pyramids.

Of musical performance and the occasions for enjoying it, the cities of the Northwest afford the best that can be found outside of Chicago and New York. Music is not yet produced, and that for the same reason that sculpture and architecture are produced, because life is still out-going and objective; it has not yet turned in upon itself. Neither are there any novelists in the Northwest. I have sometimes suspected that agricultural countries produce no great novels, not because there is any lack of the intensities and cross-purposes, the stuff of which novels are made, but for lack of the need of them. In the country men are forever in the grip of the plot and counterplot of nature, seed-time and harvest, summer heat against winter cold, the rhythm of life is sensed openly. But in cities where no life is worked out wholly in the light, men need novels to re-establish themselves in the certainty that there is plot and design, sequence and consequence. So one looks for an epic poet rather than a novelist to come out of the Northwest, a celebrator of adventures rather than a manufacturer of assurances.

For the present the great cultural achievements of the Northwest are the little country theatre and the Non-partisan League. One hears much of the League as a political venture. One must be on the spot to understand it as a communal expression of cultural consciousness. The little country theatre preceded it, was in a sense its forerunner. To understand both these movements one must realize that in all these Northwestern states the university is actually the fountain-head of applicable knowledge. To the universities, people turn for relief from the defibrinating monotony of the long northern nights. The problem

was met by Arnold Arvold of Fargo, North Dakota, with the little country theatre movement. A dis-used chapel was cleared, a theatre was set up therein and the business of play producing went forward. Among audiences who had reached adulthood without ever having seen a theatrical performance, carried on by young people whose memory of a college play was the only criterion, playing in schoolhouses, old barns and empty warehouses, the movement went forward. It was a great day in the annals of the country theatre when some one invented a method by which farm lanterns could be strung together for strip lights. Thereafter every farmer whose team plodded the cold miles to the cross roads on play-night knew himself to be an indispensable factor in the performance.

There was of course a great lack of suitable programmes at first. Icelanders and Finlanders dug back into the common memory and reproduced folk-plays the like of which have never been in print. After a time the young people wrote their own plays. They satirized the stupidities of the court of naturalization, they wrote naïvely of the making of elevator millionaires, they adapted the classics to the social and moral exigencies of North Dakota. I remember sitting with Arvold before a University of California pageant-play—he had come West to see what I had done with the Community Theatre—and how enthusiastic he waxed over a scene of nymphs arising out of pasteboard water-lilies. "Only we'll make it cabbages in North Dakota," said Arvold. He had, you see, no traditional, manufactured scenes of the beautiful; what he wanted, what he finally and completely did, was to create associations of romantic charm about common things. I have heard it said that after five or six years of the country theatre movement, the percentage of insanity, always high on the isolated farms, decreased noticeably.

Gradually community-centres arose, amusement halls were built, district schools were consolidated and competently housed, automobile lights took the place of tin lanterns. And by all these means a social consciousness was born.

Critical writers about the theatre in America have overlooked the Dakota experiment because they have assumed that the business of the theatre is to produce plays, works of art. But if it be conceived that the business of art is to produce more life and a better consciousness of it, then the Dakota country theatre is the most important thing that has happened in all our theatrical annals.

So much has been said of the Non-partisan League politically that its deeper social significance has been obscured. Politically it may be summed up as the first successful stand against economic privilege. Socially it is the peaceful counterpart of what is going on in Europe as a result of the war, the emergence of rural life from under urban domination. For the power of cities is broken when they can no longer determine the conditions under which food can come in and goods go out.

We have been terribly concerned over the approach of crises in industrial and financial and personal life: we have not seen how the fabric of modern society can sustain the strain and not completely give way. And suddenly the equilibrium is seen to be re-established. For the emergence of rural life means the reinstatement of the family as the economic unit. Any farmer will tell you this. The normal rural family of seven, all working for the family under conditions determined by the good of the family, is a very dif-

ferent affair from the family working for seven different employers, each employer determining his own conditions.

The emergence of the farmer group, irrespective of any affiliations it may make with organized labour, tends to free us from the tyranny of goods, which is responsible for much of our economic strain. The tyranny of goods is largely an acquired tyranny, it is in the nature of a superstition. The family on its own land, controlling its economic relations, has only to short-circuit some of its processes to render itself measurably free from the tyranny of goods, without affecting any of its fundamental relationships. Thus automatically we have a restoration of art in life, in the revival of art-craft.

A year or two ago the Non-partisan League got itself into difficulties that were amusing only to the bystander. Being in control of state institutions in North Dakota, it satisfied an impulse of racial pride by putting the works of Ellen Key into the high schools. I could not discover that any of the Leaguers had ever read these books, but some of the League's opponents read them and found ground for a venomous attack on the League as an advocate of "free love." I doubt if my characterization of Ellen Key as an amiable but discursive essayist whose theories were in no way derivative from her life, gave comfort to either party, but both sides wasted much breath. Free love, so-called, is an instinctive effort to relieve the pressure of mal-adjustment in an enormously over-industrialized civilization. It is as much of an eccentricity as the commercialized artist, the million dollar movie actor or opera singer.

The Non-partisan League movement has spread from the Northwest into adjacent states where the same conditions obtain, rural populations with an incipient communal consciousness. It expresses itself politically and functions in the economic field, but our sense of these things is disproportionate because it is only politically and economically that we who are outsiders feel it. Actually on the spot it is seen to differentiate itself from other rural movements by definite cultural phases. Nothing astonished me so much in the Northwest this summer as to find myself addressed by grave-eyed young farmers in Jamesian phrases on the possibility of releasing from the subconsciousness intellectual energies to compensate for the enormous drainage of physical energy in the harvest fields. When farmers meet on Sunday afternoons for the purpose of discussing the psychology of reading books on economics after fourteen hours at the binder, economic privilege may well hunt for cover.

Anxiety is felt lest the fusion of farmer-interests over so large an area may not result in the establishment of a Soviet system of government. But it is this cultural derivation of the Non-partisan League which makes such a development most unlikely. Never in history have farmers possessed art-power, which is the key to the most desirable things in cities, and tool-power, which makes common ground between them and industrial labour. What makes the consolidation of labour-interests a menace is its unstable balance on the single point of economic necessity. A labour-group is always a horde, and although an organized horde animated by a single impulse can be a very terrible thing its disruption is always imminent. It is the deep-seated cultural impetus of the Northwest which gives to its politics its unique significance and its promise.

MARY AUSTIN.

THE ART OF ANDREYEV.

I tell you: One must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star.—ZARATHUSTRA: Prologue.

LEONID ANDREYEV is a philosophical writer *par excellence*, philosophical in the sense that he is mainly occupied with the problem of life, of its purpose and value. In this respect he differs from most of his Russian predecessors and contemporaries who, as a rule, accentuate a certain moral or social message in their writings. The deep philosophical problems suggested by the works of Dostoevsky or Tolstoy bear an incidental importance in the life of particular characters under particular conditions. In Andreyev nearly every story or play presents an illustration or postulation of some universal and general philosophical question. Moreover, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy—to cite once again the two profoundest thinker-artists of Russia—are rather moralists than philosophers. They approach life with ready formulas, with definite solutions, with easily inferred sermons. Andreyev sets forth questions, but he quails before the task of answering them. He usually leaves them open. Rarely, and then hesitatingly, does he hint at a possible solution, in a veiled and ambiguous manner. The solution itself does not appear to be of import to the author. A Russian critic has observed that Andreyev, who began his literary career as a court-reporter, has preserved to the end the method and manners peculiar to that early profession of his. The conventional court-reporter is interested in presenting the case, the proceedings, the persons involved—but he does not bother about the sentence. "The verdict," he says, "may be found on another page."

In other words, Andreyev is philosophical but not a philosopher. He not only creates no philosophy of his own, no life evaluation of his own, but he fails to adhere consistently to any extant philosophic theory. It were easy to daub him eclectic, to point out black on white in his works, just where and when he appears to subscribe to Kant's Categorical Imperative, to accept Fichte's ethical criterion, to voice Schelling's view of the world as a work of art, to echo Schopenhauer's prescription of annihilating our will to live, to hail Nietzsche's transvaluation of value, to suggest Bergson's motive of the *élan vital*. . . Labelling and classifying is an easy but futile task in the case of a writer of such diverse themes and such multifarious moods as Leonid Andreyev.

If one may venture a generalization, the Russians as a whole are a philosophical people, but not a people of philosophers. They have contributed in a notable measure to the world's culture, but, in proportion to what they have done in literature and music, for instance, their share in creative philosophy is *nil*. Whatever may be the reason for this puzzling poverty, the fact remains that the intelligentsia—this most wide-awake, receptive, and intensely susceptible body—has parasitically fed on foreign systems of thought to satisfy its speculative greed. In Russia, thought spells action. Abstract theories are not merely discussed, but are applied to reality. The Decembrists, the Slavophiles, the Nihilists, the Bolsheviks—to cite a few landmarks in the evolution of Russian thought-action within the last one hundred years—have translated foreign ideas into concrete life, be it the views of the French Encyclopædists, the German Romanticists and Materialists, the English Utilitarians, or of Karl Marx and Blanqui. To create a philosophical system, one must rise above every-day reality, one must be loftily

detached. May not the paucity of Russian philosophers be explained by the inability of the Russian to detach himself, to divorce thought from action, to differentiate between theory and practice, to sunder philosophy from life?

Whether this national characteristic be a fact or merely a matter of speculation, it applies at any event to Andreyev. He has been severely criticized by Dmitry Merezhkovsky for this lack of detachedness: "I question the art of Andreyev . . . because in contemplating monstrosity he succumbs to monstrosity. In contemplating chaos, he becomes chaos." (Russkaya Mysl, 1908.) He lives his philosophies, hence can not remain faithful to any one philosophy, to any abstract fixed theory. His mistress is neither philosophy nor art, but fickle, flowing, ever-changing, ever-evolving life. This mistress he serves and contemplates, adores and hates, doubts and denies, repudiates and glorifies—from close observation. Hence Andreyev's meditation is grave, too grave for the non-Russian reader. He is never at ease in Zion. His is not the joyous wisdom of Nietzsche, with whom he has more points in common than any other thinker.¹ Still less does he resemble the Gallic gracefulness of Anatole France, who contemplates our human follies from a lofty tower, and chuckles amusedly at the silly comedy of life. The motto of Anatole France is Montaigne's aphorism: "How sweet to recline on a pillow of doubts!"

This gravity, this proximity to his subject-matter, weighs heavily on Andreyev's art. His art suffers from too much earnestness, from lack of light-footed springiness, from lack of the sense of humour that comes with aloofness. Such of his attempts at humorous satire as "The Pretty Sabine Women," "Love to Your Neighbour," "Ben Tobith," and a few others, are accidental and below comparison with his chief works. His works are not even artistic and convincing. At times he shrieks, horrified, and wishing to horrify his reader. But such truculent readers as Leo Tolstoy sneer at shrieks: "Andreyev says: Boo! But I am not scared." In his weak moments he toots and bangs and waves dazzling fustian rage—and then he is least convincing. He sorely lacks the chaste subtlety of Chekhov's medium, and he knows nothing of the early Maeterlinck's words bathed in silence.

Has Andreyev a style? If he has one, it is as fluid, as changeable, as variegated as his themes and motives. He is interested primarily in conveying his ideas, or rather his question-marks, and as the medium, the vehicle—all means are justifiable. Therefore he experiments in styles, from an extreme realism bordering on naturalism, to an allegory and symbolism at times impenetrably obscure.

Why, then, is Andreyev one of the most compelling modern writers? We have seen that he bears no definite moral or social message, that he has not created any philosophy, that he has not discovered any new truths, that he is afflicted with a lack of detachment and perspective, a lack of reserve and style, that he is, in short, neither a great thinker nor a great artist. What is the reason for his growing influence? Why has he enjoyed the dictatorship of the mind amidst his compatriots, that most exacting, most expecting, most subtle audience?

Perhaps the reason for his compelling influence lies in the very misuses here enumerated. He addresses

us not from above, not with the decalogue tone of a Tolstoy, not as an Olympian Goethe, not as a condescending scoffer of Anatole France's calibre, not as an artist *par excellence* like the early Maeterlinck, not as a Nietzsche hurling his thunders over our heads into future generations. Andreyev speaks to us as one of the rank and file. He dwells in our midst, in this vale of tears, a fellow-sufferer, a fellow-doubter. He is more articulate than most of us are, hence he utters aloud our whys and wherefores. But he is not too articulate, not too artistic, not too perfect in employing his medium, to aggrandize this medium at the cost of the issue. He is too near to us mortals, to be given a place in the Pantheon. His is the human voice, the voice of the average intellectual of the twentieth century, restless, questioning, evaluating, sick at heart of disappointment and disparagement, yet ever seeking, always searching—if only for the sake of the quest itself.

Andreyev is a compelling author, but not one that can be "adored," that is "popular" with the masses. For he neither flatters nor sugar-coats. Unlike Dostoevsky, he does not even pity the victims whose misery and pain he depicts without reserve. Pity usually has to come down, whereas Andreyev is on the level with the victims. In Russia, where the writer has been looked up to as a guide in all walks of life, political creeds included, Andreyev made no effort to utter popular slogans. He considered Gorky "the most sincere, the most honest Russian writer," but he resented Gorky's political sentiments and sympathies as endangering his artistic freedom. Andreyev stood aloof from political parties, remained outside the revolution. To be fettered with a definite Aye, is not the lot of an eternal questioner. A tocsin he remained to the very end, (that is, till 1914, for the war did not spare even him; he lost his equilibrium and grew "definite") a perpetual alarm-clock disturbing his fellow-men, forcing them to wakeful introspection, to alert transvaluation of accepted values..

The failure of the abortive revolution of 1905 brought about a dual reaction in the ranks of the intelligentsia. On one hand, an attempt was made to replace frustrated idealism by an appeal to the instinct of the gratification of the flesh. Artzybashev's Saninism, or glorification of the amoral male; Sologub's sadistic lyrics and prose, Kuzmin's fragrant panegyrics to Sodomism—such were some of the currents in vogue after the fall of the Moscow barricades. On the other hand, a revival of mystic religionism was to be observed, among the so-called Bogoiskateli (God-seekers), the group of the Merezhkovskys, Bulgakov, and others. These sought after a synthesis between Christ and Dionysus, between heaven and earth, between Greek orthodoxy and Western culture. During this noisome period Andreyev held his own, and went on ringing his alarm-bell, spurring man's conscience to a merciless analysis of life and its illusions, tearing off the veils and masques from luring phantoms, complacent beliefs, doctrinaire narcotics, and cocksure 'isms.

A. Lunatcharsky, for years a pillar in the Bolshevik faction, and a keen though one-sided critic of art and letters, has attacked Andreyev time and again for his "philistinism," i. e., anti-socialism. Yet in his book, "Literary Disintegration," Lunatcharsky has this to say concerning the significance of Andreyev during the morbid years following the year 1905:

While some of us, scenting the breath of the Plague, carry on a loathsome orgy of perverted instincts, and endeavour to

¹ "I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance. And when I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity. . . Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay."—ZARATHUSTRA.

warm up their numbed sensuality by means of Sodomism, Sadism, and all sorts of abomination; while others burn candles and send up smoke to heaven and into the eyes of their neighbours, lisping variegated psalms and sermons—Leonid Andreyev, in a leathern masque, black and terrible, with a long hook in his hands, goes up and down the city streets, rummages in heaps of corpses and semi-corpses, hurls the rotten flesh into a large pit, pours lye on it, burns it. Should he perchance at this performance deal a final blow with his plague-hook to one who still rattles—what matter. Burn the corpses. Purify life.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

LITERARY REVISIONS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born over two hundred years ago, and he is remembered chiefly because he liked an honest hater, sir, and typified the eternal Briton. He was a Christian of superstitious dye, but his Toryism was even deeper, and so he savagely attacked his fellow-Christians, the American colonists in 1775, denied their right to resist unjust taxation, and was for giving them no quarter, sir. Perhaps that is why his memory is so popular in this country among the vastly increasing body who would like to have the Revolution forgotten and nothing more said about it. Johnson has been so long dead, except in a book written by another man (which by genius or accident marvellously fixed his living personality) that the world has become somewhat hazy regarding him; and by a sort of convention he is now used as a piece of stage property to demonstrate the virtues of the aforesaid eternal Briton. Not with plenary justice to that rugged character, I dare say; one can fancy Johnson shrinking from much that he has to stand for in justification of the old Tory idea—there were, of a truth, deeper values in his life and thought.

Somehow one relucts from the task of disparaging old Ursus Major, even in this repulsive convention of him that we are asked to accept; though he was neither a great writer like Gibbon, nor a great man like Burke, nor a true poet like Goldsmith, nor a great lover of liberty like Fox, nor a friend of humanity on a grand scale, like Wilberforce or Howard. He was simply Dr. Samuel Johnson, sir, who believed firmly in the British Church and Constitution, the mad King and all, sir, who feared liberty and execrated Rousseau and Voltaire, and would have hanged George Washington; who never said or wrote a word for the oppressed of the earth, and to whose great name can not be traced a single betterment in respect of freedom or humanity. Sam Johnson, sir, who believed in the Cock Lane Ghost, but not in the rights of Man; who bravely urged on the war against the American colonists, but himself slobbered with childish terror at the approach of death. In a word, the Great Cham, the John Bull of a century of apotheosis, the long erected symbol and personification of British virtue, British obstinacy, British character, and British Christianity.

Personally, of course, the man had some fine and lovable traits; while the legend of his bearishness and manifold "anfractuosities," contrasting so strongly with his simple charity and kindness of heart, is of enduring charm. These points are cheerfully allowed; it is the hero-worship, the making a Great Man of him, the ranking of him with the true leaders and benefactors of humanity, that is here disputed and denied.

So he didn't marry Dora, after all, and she didn't flutter like a little blossom to the ground (oh, the sadness that death inflicted on my tender youth!), but went on to marry somebody else, and to be widowed, and to become Flora Finching! Then may the foul fiend snatch those Boston bibliophiles, body-snatchers and trouble-tombs,¹

¹The society referred to above published not long ago Charles Dickens's correspondence in middle age with a woman whom he had loved in his youth, and who is thought to have suggested the charming character of Dora in "David Copperfield." In these letters the great author appears progressively sentimental, romantic, rakish and business-like; the last phase coinciding with his disillusionment upon meeting the lady in person and finding her past the age of romance, like himself. Altogether a disedifying incident for which Boston well may blush.—M. M.

who have dealt a blow to a most cherished romance and marred a precious collection of youth. May the ghost of a tall Jackass sit on the grave of the grandmother of every one of them!—is it not as the Master himself would curse them?

And this is what they call a service to Literature, forsooth; to spoil a lovely illusion that a man has carried in his breast from early youth! To tell him, and to prove to him by letters, in the damnable, documentary, modern divorce-court style, that David never married Dora (ah, how the mere name used to thrill me!), and that the beautiful "pointing upward" scene never occurred. Nay, that both found other partners, and many years afterward when both were much older and should have been wiser and better, David wrote to Dora in a way that was decidedly not pointing upward! That the flame could not be revived, owing to certain changes which time had wrought on Dora, but the fact does not save David from figuring a bit, oh, just a bit, like a scoundrel prepense; while it throws a queer light on many volumes of sentiment, heretofore unchallenged. That the revenge which he took on poor, silly, middle-aged Dora for completely disenchanting him and curing his old passion, may have been useful to literature, but was not worthy of a gentleman; oh, really, positively not!

Let me tell those Boston bibliophiles, grave-searchers or what not, that the only chance of grace or pardon remaining to them is to recall this infernal true libel and leave the world in possession of the Old Version. I am not myself precisely in the green leaf, but after this cold breath of disillusion I shall never again be able to look into the story of David and Dora with the old feelings. The Boston body-snatchers have, in a moment, spoiled a romance which the winds of a score of years had not power to stale or wither.

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

POETRY.

THE HOUSE OF TRADITION.

I should like to stem myself against the house-post,
Grow into the house-post,
Up with it,
Reach arms through the beams,
Stand a moment,
Hunch, and clench my fists
Till the house is furious with the splintering pain,
Till the windows fly.

No, house, you are safe.
I am but sweepings on the floor,
Paint on the door.

EDWARD SAPIR.

GAMMER COLLINS.

It is Gammer Collins leaning now
Gaunt elbows on a fence
And looking hard at a mottled cow
With moveless eyes tense.

Cow and the grass and waving trees
Are a film to mist the eye,
Her eye rends through and looks and sees
Old things that won't die;

For Gammer Collins had a life once
Where she dreamed and dreamed many things,
Many suns rose and set all suns—
She is counting now her stings.

Count them all and your dead dreams,
Put them in a box now.
It all went strangely amiss, it seems,
And left you staring at a cow.

EDWARD SAPIR.

ART.

THE TATE GALLERY REOPENS.

THE Tate Gallery in Westminster is no longer host to the red tapeworm from Whitehall that settled in its entrails during the war. It is now possible for the visitor in London to leave the rumbling lorries on Millbank Road, to turn his back to the red-winged barges that lie like clumsy water birds on the Thames, to forget the fustian ugliness of the pottery works across the river in Lambeth, and to immerse himself in the stream of art that flowed onwards from Reynolds and Wilson to the Pre-Raphaelites and their issue. It is literally years since it was possible to take a bird's eye view of that period in art which coincided with the volcanic eruption of black industry, and it is amusing now to see for ourselves what is worth salvaging among the debris and ashes.

In such a retrospect it is important not to get the social and the æsthetic characteristics of a period mixed up. The conscious, purposeful end of the great artists is to arouse visual ecstasy, and the means by which a particular man of genius achieves this end may have little significant relation, I am willing to believe, to his contemporary background, although they can not help being moulded in one way or another by his social heritage. In the presence of a great work of art, social speculations have the impudent irrelevance of, say, a chemical analysis at the altar of the wine taken in Holy Communion: people who are interested in social or chemical formula under these conditions may have excellent minds and aimable dispositions but they are obviously insensitive to æsthetic or religious stimulus.

The tendency of a school of art, on the other hand, a tendency frequently shared by people who are not conscious of their place in that school, becomes well-nigh meaningless when lifted out of its social context, and the habit of judging the work of schools by an æsthetic criterion leads to the opposite kind of error and absurdity. It is easy enough, for example, to demolish the Pre-Raphaelites by bombarding them with the canons of the Post-Impressionists: but why should anyone take the trouble? It is quite as fair for some lingering Pre-Raphaelite to point out that the art-for-art's-saking of the modernists is a mechanical result of the specialization in tasks which is enforced by the machine process and which has been accompanied by the breaking up of our spiritual life into distinct and unrelated compartments labelled Work, Thought, Art, and so forth; whilst the Personalism which has more recently come to the front can be socially interpreted, in the same way, as an attempt to compensate for the indignities, denials and repressions to which in these modern times the human personality is exposed in mass cities like London, Paris, and New York.

Now the earlier part of the period we are contemplating is remarkable for its individuals, and the latter part for its groups. Between Reynolds and Ruskin there stretched a wide morass of individualism which occasionally lapsed into a tradition but which scarcely rose into a school. Through this morass there ran a clear stream of true art, the work of water-colourists like DeWint and Cotman; and above the swamp of fashionable work, fit for Belgravia drawing-rooms, there drifted across the sky, like streamers of Northern Lights, the solitary brilliance of Turner and Blake.

Men like Turner and Blake, it is needless to say,

make all the canons look silly. The bare suggestion of a sketch like that of Blake's "Dante in the Empyrean Drinking from a River of Light" is worth a whole studio cupboard full of finished essays. Blake defies the academicians by constructing a human anatomy of his own; he scoffs at the art-for-art's-sakers by making every picture point a moral or adorn a tale; and he outrages the picture-buyer by hurling visions on his paper that would make the most excited after-dinner chatter seem more than usually vapid—and in spite of all these high crimes and misdemeanors he holds a place in British art to-day which no passing trick of craft can unsettle or reduce in importance.

The art of Turner is just as remote from conventional standards. He began as a workmanlike painter who followed the classic fashion and sought to give value for money promised or received. With sober regard for his standing as a craftsman, Turner never got over the habit of giving his pictures a homely, attractive title; and even when about 1830 he entered the second stage of his career and devoted himself chiefly to experiments in pure light, he clung to the bit of descriptive nomenclature which kept him anchored to the external world. "Sunrise Between Headlands," and "Norham Castle, Sunrise," are identical but for a slight difference in the spotting of the blue and yellow masses, and in spite of the quaintly prosaic titles it is plain that both pictures were meant only to express the transfiguring wonder of light. No one apparently has ever taken so much pleasure as Turner in putting the effects of light on canvas: he was the solitary pupil of his own school and the tradition he created was not carried on until Whistler discovered in fogs and twilights the ecstasy that Turner found in radiance.

Passing from the Turner rooms to the Pre-Raphaelites (for we are still in the Tate Gallery!) it is ironical to remember that the Pre-Raphaelites' theory was definitively expressed and their practice to some extent moulded by a critic who devoted the greater part of his young life to proving the naturalistic correctness of Turner's art. As a matter of fact, naturalistic correctness is one of the last things possible to discover in Turner's work, especially naturalistic correctness in colour, for the pall that had settled over painting with the Flemings had never quite lifted, and Turner's greatest achievements are therefore in light rather than in colour. Colour was the real æsthetic contribution of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; their work is an *Aufklärung*: purple and lavender and scarlet and emerald and sapphire-blue dance once more upon the palette. This is what strikes you between the eyes when you pause before Rossetti or Madox Brown or even Millais. The drawing is often stiff; the poses are waxen; the themes are sentimental; the details overworked—but the exhilaration of pure colour mounts to your head like wine! It is true that the Pre-Raphaelites were sentimentalists in their colours as well as in their stories: their colours are "real" in the sense that word was used in scholastic philosophy; that is to say, they are not the colours perceived by the eye but those which are inferred to exist by the intellect—but that is a failure in naturalism and not necessarily an error in æsthetics.

But the fine joy in colour which the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood brought back did not last very long in the English schools: the Leightons' and Alma-Tademas' and the Luke Fildes' found the mausoleum of fashionable mediocrity by a smoother route, and

Watts and Crane' (sincere men both) made their art a sort of Pilgrim's Progress by following an entirely different path. Meanwhile a greater *Aufklärung* was taking place in France, and English art hesitated to follow.

It remains to discuss the social meaning of the Pre-Raphaelites, for in their school the realities of the early industrial period are at once expressed and rejected. Every one is familiar with the Pre-Raphaelites' rejection of their social milieu: it is perhaps a little harder to grasp the fact that Rossetti and Madox Brown and Ruskin were the products of the same movement of thought that produced Spencer, Darwin, and Mill and had deeper affinities with their contemporaries in science than a casual glance at their biographies would lead you to believe.

It is true that the thoughts of the Pre-Raphaelites were muffled in a mediæval shroud and their inner life was carried on largely in the world of Dante and Mallory; but their methods and their habits of work, their painstaking naturalism, their fascination with detailed analysis, and their exhaustive historical investigations were the products of that scientific and industrial culture which permeated every breath they inhaled in the course of their external activities. Ruskin realized for himself that he was a spoiled geologist.

It is perhaps just as important to recognize that this criticism applied almost equally well to the Brotherhood itself. The proper social function of a school like the Pre-Raphaelites (æsthetic excursions aside) was in fact the artistic description of the beasts and birds and plants that the naturalists were so busily finding places for in the pageant of evolution, and they should have filled the museums and learned societies and university halls with pictures which would have rivalled those of the older theological order. Woodward, the architect of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, did indeed ask Rossetti to make designs for the Museum decoration, and the artist's failure to accept the challenge was a symptom of the gap that for three centuries had been growing wider between art and such social life as existed outside the leisured classes. This failure on the part of the Pre-Raphaelites to live actively in the world of to-day (with all its coal-grime and crudity) for the sake of the world to come was, it would seem, responsible for that mental dry-rot which we call Victorianism—spreading like a hideous blight over every manifestation of the spirit during the half-century that followed.

The schools of art that succeeded the Pre-Raphaelites have tended more and more to idiocy and sentimentalism and emotional confusion as they attempt to pack into the gallery what they have looted from life. Where on Fifth Avenue or in Piccadilly can you discover any common acceptance of the irrefragable Tolstoyan dictum that art is a social product, and is æsthetically sterile unless it can be shared? Where is there the recognition that a museum is a cemetery, and that a genuine art must live first of all in our public buildings, our theatres, or billboards, and our railway stations? Great artists may flourish occasionally in periods of social impoverishment, but great art can occur only when there is a widespread social demand for it. While that demand is isolated in museums and private art galleries, and is expressed in studios whose chief quality is that of an asylum, our public art will remain bleak and our private exhibitions febrile.

These thoughts carry one a long way from the Tate

Gallery, but then—who can remain long in a gallery without getting a little bored? It is better to pass out into the clamour of Millbank Road and let one's eyes rest once more on the smudgy industrialism of Lambeth than to remain in the building and forget that the art of the galleries is mainly a refuge from a mode of living which is too dingy and depressing to be faced.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

MISCELLANY.

ONE of the kindest souls that ever tapped a conductor's desk was Louis Saar, who for years was with the Metropolitan and Covent Garden. I never heard of an opera that he did not know. When some high-priced tenor or coloratura soprano importuned for the revival of some ancient work which had faded out of memory, Maurice Grau and Sir Augustus Harris went straightway to Saar, and his knowledge never failed them. He was a walking encyclopædia of music. New works sent in for consideration were passed on to him as a matter of routine. I remember spending an afternoon with him, going over the score of Paderewski's "Manru," when it was just out. Saar was also the factotum, the handy man, about the stage. He looked after the stage band; he accompanied artists who were preparing or rehearsing parts; he gave the cues for light-effects, for the operation of mechanical appliances, for changes in scenery, and for the numberless other effects that must be kept in time and harmony with the orchestra. And all the time he did his work with precision and cheerfulness far into a long life.

ONE day, at a trial of young singers, he sat quite alone at the back of the house. A buxom woman of great size, recommended by a friend of Grau, had sung the "Caro Nome," and Grau, evidently in a quandary as to what to say to her, walked back to where Saar was sitting, and asked, "How about it, Saar?" The old gentleman, unable to suppress his laughter, put his hand up to his mouth and said in a whisper that could be heard all over the house—one of the few things he could not do was to whisper—"She vill fill de stage if her voice does not fill de house." Then he added, quickly, "But it iss a nice voice for a small concert-room." Grau turned to me and said, "I'd rather see him smile than hear her sing." Indeed, it was worth something to see a smile playing over his sensitive and mobile lips; his massive head, his grey beard, bushy brows and beaming eyes, always reminded me of Michelangelo's marbles of the patriarchs.

It was no easy task to win the respect and admiration of choruses in those days, at least, but Saar did it. At Covent Garden there were the German, French, Belgian and English choruses, each having its own opinion of the others and no great hesitation or reluctance about expressing it; but they were of one mind about Saar. He did so many kindly things, not only in the easy way of lending money or showing the little favours that mean so much to the folk connected with the stage, but such as are prompted by a deep and kindly understanding. "It vill make dem happy," he said, as he asked on one occasion for a better arrangement of dressing-rooms, "I like to see dem all comfortable."

His first appearance in the "Meistersinger" was sensational. It was his duty to see the stage-band seated in the pavilion for the last scene; which was simple enough, for the old stage at Covent Garden did not permit the change between the first and second scenes of the third act to be made without dropping the curtain. After the curtain fell, Saar always walked into the centre of the stage, where he could see the band and give the cue for coming in with the orchestra; and when he did this, he was in street dress, ready to go home, as this was his last duty of the evening. Lohse, who was conducting, was known not to be above having a bit of fun out of a practical joke; but whether

by chance or plan, this night the curtain was rung up before Saar had a chance to get off the stage: there he stood in the centre with his back to the audience, a big silk hat pulled down on the back of his head, a huge umbrella under his arm—a figure far more comic than any Beckmesser. A moment or so elapsed before he became aware of the situation; then the roar of laughter that burst from the audience startled him out of his wits, and with one frightened glance around, he bounded off the stage. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, was present at the performance and enjoyed Saar's exit so much that he sent word to have it repeated whenever he came to hear the "Meistersinger."

UNDER the conditions prevailing before the Covent Garden stage was rebuilt, it was a heartbreaking job to get through a performance without tumbling the scenery over or doing something equally disconcerting. Saar distinguished himself again, in the third act of the "Valkyrie." The machinery used for the ride of the valkyries was the old-fashioned switchback railway. Papier mâché horses were mounted on trucks, and on the backs of these steeds, ballet-girls were rushed across the stage through pieces of scenery which did duty for clouds. The device was supposed to be timed so that at the centre of the stage each horse and rider was lighted up by a flash of lightning; but in spite of all the stage-machinists could do, the thing never went right. When the flash came, the horse and the ballet-girl were not in it. This was convenient for the critics, because they could write the notices in advance. It got on Saar's nerves; and at the beginning of the season he said to me, "My tear, I vill told you—dis time you see de ride of de valkyrie. I vill do it right. All I do is to tell Stanford and his men just before de act a few vords." When the scene was set, I went behind and found him talking to Stanford, the chief machinist, and his men.

"Now, pay attention to vat I say," he began, "Here, on dis side, is de horses; de railway runs across de stage. You, at dis horse," (picking a man) "you, at dat horse," (picking another and so on). "I go to ze oder side of de stage and stand vere you can see me. Right across, dere vill be a liddle light on me so you see vat I do. Now vatch. I know de music ven de horses should leave, and I take my handkerchief so" (holding his open handkerchief by one corner). "Ven de cue comes in de music, I lift it up and shake it vonce—so! Den you push de first horse, and, it vill be in time for de lightning. Ven de next von comes, I lift my hand and vave my handkerchief—so! Den you push de next horse and it vill be in time for de lightning." A broad smile came over his face, and giving us all a sanguine glance, he put his handkerchief back in his pocket and said, "Dat is all."

THE music began and the curtain rose. But, alas, in the Covent Garden of that day, a change of scene meant dust, dust in clouds. Saar took up his vantage-point, the men were watching closely, each ready to push his horse when the signal was given. Suddenly Saar let forth a tremendous sneeze and raised his handkerchief to his nose several bars before the cue. Bang! came the first horse across the stage. Saar was overcome by rage and amazement, shook his handkerchief violently across the stage, and bang! came the second horse, then another and another, until they were all across before the first one should have started. Saar lost his head and shouted, "Send dem back!" Back they went—and met the lightning-flash at the centre of the stage while they were flying across tail-foremost. No audience in the world, probably, ever laughed as that one did. Poor Saar!—how everyone chaffed him, and how good-natured and apologetic he was through it all! One night some time afterwards he came to me and said, "My tear, it is de 'Valkyrie' to-morrow night. I will not interfere. Only vonce in my life I insult Votan by sending his daughters to him in heaven vith de rump of de horses galloping first."

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

LAUNDERING THE DRAMA.

DAMNING, even with faint praise, is an art lost to the onlookers at drama who provide our newspapers with what is called, by grace of infinite indulgence, criticism. In the absence of standards (see W. C. Brownell) and of taste (see G. B. Shaw's *Dramatic Opinions and Essays*) we have in New York City a set of male launderers whose souls yearn for the goodwill of producers; who deftly pass their irons of banality over performances fairly ragged with defects, and try complaisantly to sew up the rents at which a critic in possession of his own soul would pause in amazement and in despair.

What is the incentive for a writer of plays to set a vivid and quivering interpretation of living beings upon the stage, when such a concoction as "Come Seven," by Mr. Octavius Roy Cohen, is accorded even the faintest of welcomes? It is well enough to speak of the dramatist's inner compulsion; but he writes in order that his lines and his people may be heard and responded to. If genuine work is weighed in a finical balance, in precisely the same terms as the triumphs of salesmanship that nightly enthral that hydra-headed yokel, the theatre-going public, then even a Eugene O'Neill must some day feel the corroding pangs of cynicism and hopelessness gnawing at his work. In the case of the dramatist, to be great is to be understood and appreciated, to reveal to his contemporaries the temper of their time and, by that token, of all times. The critic, though he abjure all the fiery and sensitive awareness that moulds civilizations, must at least accept his midwifely responsibility toward what is genuine and keep watch against what is spurious. This, in the case of Mr. Cohen's "Come Seven," New York's fraternity of launderers utterly failed of, with one conspicuous exception; and that exception was Mr. Heywood Broun, writing in the *New York Tribune*.

What did Mr. Broun have to say of that first night, which, it was announced, the Rev. Thomas Dixon would grace with his presence? "'Come Seven' is a burnt-cork comedy," affirmed Mr. Broun. "It is a play about those curious folk who indicate fear or wonder by violently rolling their eyes, who say 'fust' and 'dese' and 'suttinly,' and tell Ford stories. A folder enclosed in the programme advised the audience: 'Please bear in mind that in "Come Seven" the characters portrayed are all coloured characters played exclusively by white players.'" The advice, Mr. Broun went on to say, was unnecessary. "The cork was much too thin to threaten the Caucasian integrity of the actors. On the other hand, even the printed slip failed to convince us that the characters portrayed were Negroes. The memory of the vivid plays of Ridgely Torrence, produced two or three seasons ago, was too strongly with us to permit the acceptance of Cohen's fantastic marionettes as Negroes. All drew the collar-line. They were merely blackface-folk. The effect was that of a vaudeville dialogue vastly extended." With a vigorous reminder that "life is not largely made up of snappy comebacks," Mr. Broun completes his polishing off of this meatless bone that was offered in lieu of nourishment.

Further comment on the play is hardly necessary. It represents only the hand of commercialism reaching from the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which Mr. Cohen's production appeared first as a story, to the

stage. That the humanity and poetry of the Negro was dissolved in snobbery and ignorant covetousness appears from Mr. Broun's words; and the impression was voiced in the lobbies of the Broadhurst Theatre that if this meretricious work had been intrusted to coloured people to play, they could have insinuated into it a zestful comedy which the lines hardly suggested.

Mr. Broun's criticism is authentic. Compare it with that of the other commentators, and it seems harsh. The critic of the *New York Times* finds that "in the main, Mr. Cohen has done a good job." He characterizes it as "a Negro comedy for white folks," as if it ought not to be a comedy for all folks. Although it is admitted that "probably a sociologist would find considerable fault with the delineation of the Negro character," yet, Mr. Cohen having set out to write an amusing play, he must be given credit for having done it. Drama, then, is not to be considered as related to life; it is to be rather a sterile patchwork of jokes whose success is measured by the "hands" and the laughs it elicits from a tired audience.

Palliation finds another exponent in Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, writing in the *Globe*, who finds that Mr. Cohen has preferred hokum and bunkum to telling the truth. But rough as was the "diamond" with which Mr. Cohen presented his audience he had still chosen "one of those simple and natural little comedy-ideas that the folk-playwrights of the Irish Players once delighted in." The climax of Mr. Macgowan's criticism occurs in his final comment to the effect that the play for its novelty alone "ought to roll Big Dick," and that the producer has found a man who can write the "Potash and Perlmutter" of darkest Harlem. The *Evening Post's* critic avoids unpleasant affirmation. He finds the play built upon dialectics and surface-observation rather than on fundamental characteristics of the Negro. He finds Mr. Cohen's achievement to consist in having omitted interruption of the progress of his play by a crap-game or a close harmony. Perhaps Mr. Cohen "prefers to throw his dramatic sevens with pungent dialogue and flashes of characterization." Light irony there, it is true, but also the soft and mitigating word.

Perhaps one has no business to desire that critics shall have fire in their bellies; producers might protest. Readers might yawn; and editors might give the sack. But so long as tepid acquiescence in the mediocre and the false passes for interpretation and judgment, so long will the ultimate severity that produces fine expressions of the human spirit encounter indifference among American audiences. Mr. Cohen's play is no worse than many another success of Broadway. It has merely displayed in terms of salesmanship, the matter of essential tragedy and comedy.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS SEEN.

SIRS: One of the most striking features of the Steel Trust's anti-union programme is the thoroughness and agility with which it covers up the violence committed by its agents in strike times. It may be that in a certain district a veritable reign of terror exists, but no matter how definite the proof, it is practically impossible to establish the facts so that the outside world may be fully convinced of the actual situation. No matter how many witnesses among the workers may raise their voices against the outrage in question, the Steel Trust, so great is its sway, is always able to persuade dozens of prominent local politicians and business men to come forward and swear the whole thing away, even though the

whole community knows very well that they are perjuring themselves.

And now we have Mr. George Smart, in the *Iron Age* of 12 August, denying the validity of three pictures of outrages published in my book on the steel-strike. One of these photographs shows Mrs. Fannie Sellins lying dead after being butchered by Steel Trust strike guards, another shows two members of the Pennsylvania mounted police—the State Cossacks—riding into a store at Clairton, Pa., and a third pictures a brutal assault upon a peaceful citizen in a street in Homestead. Of course Mr. Smart's attack upon these photographs was to be expected but in any case it is particularly ridiculous. He suggests that the picture of Mrs. Sellins is of some other person, and that the Cossack pictures were obligingly posed by the State Police so that a trusting world could see "how violence would be carried on if there should be any." Mr. Gary's apologists must be hard put to have to devise such tommyrot as this:

Inquiry as to the methods adopted by Foster and also by the Interchurch Movement has developed some interesting facts. The pictorial presentation of the charges against the steel companies was carried on in an exceedingly novel manner. It is agreed by all who are familiar with the last strike that it was remarkably free from violence, due largely to prohibition. The photographers found it very difficult to get any pictures showing violence. In their dire distress, these enterprising artists appealed to members of the constabulary, who, although frequently charged with brutality, demonstrated their good nature by consenting to the request to pose for pictures showing how violence would be carried on if there should be any. So various pictures were taken which were fakes, and were known to be such by all who had means of knowing what was going on. . . . Foster publishes in his book two photographs taken by a Hearst syndicate. . . . There can be little doubt that both these pictures were posed, and even if they were not, they would prove nothing of importance.

The photographs of Mrs. Sellins and of the Clairton incident may well be left to stand. They tell their own story so completely that all the bright Mr. Smarts in the country can not refute them. But let me say just a word about the famous picture of the Cossacks clubbing the man standing with his hands in his pockets on the sidewalk in Homestead. This photograph first came to the attention of the strike committee when it appeared in the *New York Times* (which gave it half a page) and some local papers. The instant we saw it we realized that we had at last gotten the goods upon the State Police in so definite a form that all the hired liars of the Steel Trust could not explain it away. We thereupon decided to get all possible information about the principals involved, so that there could be no question about the matter.

The first thing was to find out in what town the photograph had been taken. The picture was originally labelled as having been made in the Soho district, but that was manifestly not the case, there being no such street in that locality as shown in the photo. Our organizers, who know every steel town in the country, got busy and soon identified the street as one in Homestead. We sent investigators to the place who, by inquiring around, were able to find the actual victim of the assault, one Rudolph Dressel, who had been standing in front of his hotel when he was beaten by the Cossacks. Affidavits were secured from him and his friend (shown in my book on page 130) who was also beaten and then arrested. Their story can not possibly be upset. The Steel Trust apologists will have to come again. This time we have incontrovertible proof of the brutality and tyranny of the State Police. I am, etc.,

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER.

THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE.

SIRS: It may interest you to know that for the second time since its inception the annual prize of £100 given by Miss Alice Warrender for the best book of imaginative literature by an author under forty published during the year was presented in London a few weeks ago. The committee of judges being of a nature not usually associated with the bestowing of literary prizes, the Hawthornden award has attracted a great deal of notice in what are called literary circles. The judges are Mr. Edward Marsh, editor of "Georgian Poetry"; Mr. J. C. Squire, poet and editor of the *London Mercury*; and Mr. Laurence Binyon, poet and head of the department of Oriental Prints and Drawings at the British Museum. The first award was made last year to Mr. Edward Shanks for the "Queen of China"; this year the prize was given to another poet, Mr. John Freeman, for his collected poems published in 1920.

Naturally the awards have not given universal satisfaction and as the name of the recipient is kept a close secret and only disclosed at the public function held to celebrate

its announcement, this annual "Festival of the Hundred Pounds," as one of our bards has called it, might be expected to provide at least one exciting afternoon a year. Most of London's poets are full of sound and fury before the event. The names of possible winners are bandied about and threats of fearful action in the event of the success of certain persons are heard from all sides. The young bards are under no illusion as to the value of the award; it is safe to say that if it consisted solely of a medal it would be difficult to find anyone willing to take it; but one hundred pounds! That is quite another matter! Every healthy young poet feels that for one hundred pounds he would accept any official stigma, even if it included a laurel wreath and a certificate from the Government, for the real poet feels certain that his work can live down anything.

Many of us reflect about that hundred pounds for so long that it becomes quite real to us, and some of us actually spend it before the great day arrives when it is to be presented to us. There is accordingly to be heard from all parts of the hall a deep groan when the Chairman announces the name of the winner. It is the groan of those bards who have already spent the hundred pounds and who did not hear the announcement of their names. This in itself makes an admirable setting for a brilliant social function, and it must be admitted that the Committee has no excuse for the mess it made of things this year.

The event took place at the tail-end of the London Season when all the society women whose presence *en masse* might have stimulated the bards to some effect next year were out of town. It was held in a public hall, in an atmosphere of funereal gloom. The poets of England were scattered about the hall in little groups representative of schools, cliques and natural friendships. There was no one else there except a few nervous newspaper men trying to but-tonhole some member of the Committee in a corner and wring from him the dark secret and then rush off to the nearest bar. Mr. Marsh, with a subtle smile, sat on the platform along with Mr. Laurence Binyon, who looked as if he had just murdered a Chinese mandarin in the hope of creating a feeling of liveliness in the British Museum and that his rash experiment had failed. Next to him, in a bright grey suit, was Mr. Squire, with the air of a man who was going straight down to the Goodwood Races and was on a sure thing. Professor Gilbert Murray made a long speech during which the audience became visibly more and more depressed. His confession that not knowing who the winner was had made it difficult for him to prepare an exhilarating speech awakened expressions of gloomy acquiescence on all faces. The afternoon grew darker and darker. Far off, in one of the adjacent rooms could be heard some one practising Chopin's "Funeral March." The subtle smile on Mr. Marsh's face never flickered. Mr. Binyon tried, but found it impossible, to look more mournful. Mr. Squire, unabashed, produced from his coat-pockets a large medal. The name of John Freeman ebbed through the hall like a dying wave. One of the lamps immediately went out, and a large poet with a pocketful of unpaid bills fainted on his Aunt's lap—he had borrowed the hundred pounds from her. Mr. Freeman was seen approaching the Chairman from his seat in the hall, but the platform was high, and no one had thought to provide steps. Standing on tip-toes Mr. Freeman managed to reach the cheque. As he put it in his pocket a gloomy sigh from a hundred poets floated through the hall. The only persons who did not sigh were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shanks, who, sitting in the front row with last year's hundred pounds safely spent, smiled approvingly at Miss Alice Warrender—to whom all praise!—throughout the performance. I am, etc.,
London, England.

W. J. TURNER.

WILHELM WUNDT.

SIRS: Not a few of your readers will look expectingly in your columns for some appreciation of Wilhelm Wundt, who recently died after completing his eighty-eighth year. By his death Germany loses one of her most celebrated and representative scholars, one moreover to whom many American psychologists are directly or indirectly indebted for their laboratory training. Wundt had the advantage of starting his career as an assistant of Helmholtz. Gradually he came to embrace wider and wider fields of knowledge, passing from physiology to psychology and ultimately evolving a complete system of philosophy. Even as a half-blind octogenarian we find him pounding out volume after volume of the ethnological *Völkerpsychologie* on the old-fashioned type-writer which his one-time student, James McKeen Cattell,

had presented to him in days of yore. This indefatigable industry and the quasi-omniscience that followed in its wake were perhaps his most obvious traits, and they have received vivid portrayal, not untinctured with malice, at the hands of Stanley Hall and William James. Yet, somehow, their pictures fall short of the reality. Wundt was more than a typical, erudite, system-mongering professor. He was not merely learned but wise—wise above all in the same balancing of the data provided by physical science and the *Geisteswissenschaften*. Then, too, the encyclopædic range of his information and his usual academic style masked rather than covered the lack of flashier qualities. In the "Physiologische Psychologie" there are passages that hold one breathless if one has any taste for the dramatic unfolding of an argument. And even in his old age Wundt wrote an article on metaphysics with a dash that makes the reader sceptical as to the traditional antithesis of Wundt, the uninspired plodder, and James, the initiative genius. One wonders, at least, to what extent the undoubted differences were due to the original natures of the men and how far to the social standards they accepted. However, this may be, there can be no doubt that Wundt's services to psychology were extraordinary. The experimental development of the science is largely due to his efforts, and with his keen sense for the inter-relation of all branches of knowledge he remained what many his narrowly specializing followers here and elsewhere ceased to be—a force in the cultural life of his country. I am, etc.,
New York City.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING WITH OUR MONEY.

SIRS: I have been especially glad to see in your columns lately that you have returned again and again to the point that just so long as European governments are able to receive the sinews of war from the bankers and Treasury of this country so long will they continue in their ruinous imperialistic adventures. As a visiting Englishman, I am astonished at the prevailing ignorance among your citizenry of the true state of affairs in England at the present time: a state of affairs which is fully realized by every man and woman in the British Isles, yet apparently nobody over here, even in official circles in Washington has the slightest inkling of it. In my wanderings during the last few weeks I have found nobody who is not dumbfounded at such facts and figures as the following—all of which have been published widely in the columns of the English press.

The total cost for the year 1920-21 of the British fighting services—army, navy and air forces—is estimated by the Government to be £269,170,000. In the year preceding the war the figure was £86,027,992. The following table culled from a Government White paper shows the number of troops engaged and the estimated military expenditures for the current year in various territories:

	Troops	Cost £
The Rhine	16,674	4,350,000
Constantinople	22,846	3,894,000
Egypt	32,068	7,543,000
Palestine	23,014	6,340,000
Mesopotamia	70,603	21,605,000
Foreign Missions	2,226	1,006,000

The British War Office in Whitehall which in 1914 numbered 1,600 officials is now listed at 6,764. The Munitions Department has a roll call of 9,873 and its gross expenditures for the current year is £65,366,000.

But that is not by any means the whole story. The Circumlocution Office over the way has developed prodigiously. Where one little barnacle used to thrive before the war a hundred now grow fat and lusty. The production of red tape fulfils the wildest dreams of those who are clamouring for "more production." Whereas in the old days the red tape produced by the Circumlocution Office was sufficient to drape in graceful festoons the lamp-posts up and down Whitehall, enough of it is now made to turn every lamp-post in London into a gay Venetian mast. And yet in the face of all this expenditure the wastrels in office have the audacity to appeal to the British public to pay them yet more money with which they may discharge the interest on the debt which they have incurred to American bankers. It would be a kindly act on the part of the people of this country if they would demand from the presidential candidates who are now seeking their suffrage a definite promise that if elected they would withdraw governmental support from those bankers who may loan further sums of money to any of the Governments of Europe. A piece of plain speaking to that effect would attract quite a little attention

in the Chancelleries of Europe, and would besides inject a pleasant touch of reality into the candidates' references to international affairs. I am, etc.,

H. PERCY BELLAIRS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TOWARDS INTERNATIONALISM IN ART.

SIRS: Ever since the *Freeman* printed "What Can a Young Man Do?" by Mr. Harold Stearns, I have noticed that you have received several answers, most of which have rallied round the flag with all the patriotic war-time enthusiasm that some of us are beginning to dread. May I venture to suggest that the reason why the Youth of America are deserting this land of the free is not so much that they are tired of America as that they are inexpressibly weary of Americanism. By Americanism I mean the pious belief that American ideals, arts and institutions are the best for America because they are—American.

I was interested the other night in a discussion where the majority of the group were artists—painters. Has America a National Art? was the subject, in other words, does American art possess outstanding qualities that are characteristic of the "soul" of America? The discussion was varied in the quality of its logic but unvaryingly and passionately earnest. A friendly alien suggested that to him the art of America was typified in the Arrow collar-advertisements—pleasing, efficient and commercial; in short that American art possessed the stamp of the American soul—commercialism. A social worker contributed the opinion that to her the American soul was expressed in the work done by her young foreign-born pupils, the chief characteristic of which she said was hope. Some one else asserted that the landscape painters, Inness, Homer, etc., were characteristically American and might, therefore, be the soul of our national art. Then one intrepid young man spoke up out of turn and naively queried: "As layman to artists but as an American to Americans, may I ask, purely for purposes of information, 'What is the soul of America?'"

Then the gates broke and the air shook with torrential pæans to America the melting pot, America of the spirit of '76, of the spirit of 1917, America the defender of Civilization, etc., etc., and a fine feeling of peace and plenty, glory and godliness spread over all of us. We learned that the American soul could be found expressing itself in the homes of the beauty-loving Negroes of the South, in the little colonial farm-houses in New England in a way that, we were assured, the soul of no farmer or peasant class in any other country expressed itself. And so it continued. . . .

And yet, it seems to me that if art is the expression, by whatever technique—provided it be pleasing to those for whom it is intended—of the artist's convictions of life and if these convictions are becoming internationally rather than nationally current, one may well believe that an art may spring contemporaneously from the soil of all countries where people are becoming firmly enough convinced of—anything.

At present a "bolshhevik" in painting is one who experiments with a new technique. Perhaps, the time will come when, among the many meanings which have adhered to this term, will figure one that will characterize a "bolshhevik" artist as one who not only is experimenting with a new technique but one who is experimenting with a new idea. Then we shall need a cohort of censors of American art, for whenever an idea gets itself beautifully appraised it will find no difficulty in gaining an entrée to our own most precious guarded mental portals. I am, etc.,

E. A. M.

BOOKS.

THE NEW LOG-ROLLING.

EARLY this year when "Woman" was published in Paris a copy reached me unannounced by any of the encomiums which arrested my astonished attention when I beheld it in its English translation. There was, of course, a preface by Barbusse, wherein it appeared that the author was "a master"; her book "a rebel, a virgin work," ranking Magdeleine Marx "among the loftiest poets of our age." That, needless to say, did

not inspire confidence, for the recommendations in such terms of hyperbole of one who is himself an inconsiderable French writer can not be regarded seriously. Barbusse has prefaced several utterly insignificant works since "Le Feu" rescued him from the oblivion to which his purely literary activities prior to the war had naturally consigned him. It seems to be enough for any young Frenchman or woman to present radical credentials to secure the prefatory blessing of Henri Barbusse, chief of intellectual bolsheviki in France. Just as the topical and propagandist value of "Le Feu" has veiled the faults of mediocrity in Barbusse, the author, from the admirers of Barbusse, the internationalist and critic of militarism, so the virtue of radicalism is accepted by him as a proof of literary genius.

Now, however, in its American edition, the book of Barbusse's enthusiasm is adorned by extracts from the hymns of praise intoned by the *Clarté* chorus, Messrs. Romain Rolland, Georg Brandes, Bertrand Russell, Stefan Zweig, Israel Zangwill, Victor Margueritte, Steinlen and even Isadora Duncan. One alone of these names is that of a critic of literature, but all unite in exceeding, if possible, the praises of their master, Barbusse. When Barbusse says praise we all praise, would seem to be the principle of the new log-rolling, and every assistant branch secretary of a *Clarté* group can apparently count upon the claque, if the work to be boosted be sufficiently inspired by the sacred spirit of revolt against something or other. As the forms of polite usage in the Latin languages are rather more elaborate and ornate than in the rugged tongue of the Anglo-Saxon federation of free peoples, it suffices often for an author to send his novel to some polite Frenchman, whose letter of very flattering acknowledgment will then serve as a startling advertisement. The defeatist young soldier and the pacifist, the young woman who holds advanced views on the subject of birth-control or the marriage ceremony, have simply to embody these opinions in the form of fiction and to call upon the international publicity service for the inevitable testimonials. It is a process somewhat akin to that employed by the manufacturers of dental pastes or beauty remedies, when they call upon the ladies of the stage and film for recommendations. As there are stenographers who will feel more beautiful if they use the same face cream as the advertisers say Mary Pickford does, so there are doubtless intellectuals whose sense of their own identity is heightened by reading the book over which Romain Rolland alleges he has spent sleepless nights, or which eminent radicals describe as a masterpiece.

In that event, "Woman" may safely be prescribed, for never was a commodity more richly provided with all the guarantees and testimonials which one expects on the wrapper of a patent medicine. The number of intellectual calories might well be added on subsequent editions, after the paternal-scientific manner of the great Child. To those in search of a well-written book, not to mention a contribution to real literature, Magdeleine Marx has nothing whatever to offer. Bertrand Russell asserts that "here for the first time is told the truth about Woman." The use of that ominous capital is the measure of the value of such a judgment, and at the same time an appropriate absurdity, for Magdeleine Marx writes like the sort of woman who spells woman with a capital W. She has no story to tell and her efforts at psychology consist chiefly in the notation of a prolonged series of vague

¹ "Woman." Magdeleine Marx. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

emotions and impressions. The anonymous heroine is a species of Parisianized Mary MacLane. She is filled with fabulous notions about sex, and pours out her soul—or rather allows it to evaporate—in cloudy verbiage. She is evidently suffering from some grievance, but what it is does not transpire. She wants to Live Her Own Life, to be Free, to soar above the commonplace conventions and trammels of this wicked world. But we have heard all this sort of thing before, it sounds like the familiar litany of the advanced woman of thirty years ago, when Ibsenism was the latest devilry, and Freud and Jung and Havelock Ellis were undreamt of in the philosophy of every educated young lady.

In the present instance this rhetoric is all the more incomprehensible because the eloquent Woman in the case is not particularly hampered by the laws of what she would doubtless call this man-made world. She has a husband and a lover, and furthermore the satisfaction of shocking the bourgeoisie by refusing to indulge in the traditional sentiments when her first child is born. This is the incident characterized by Barbusse as crying out against "the fallacy of the maternal instinct." I have known humble Sunday-school teachers whose discovery of this "fallacy" has gone unheralded and unsung by any member of *Clarté*. There is likewise a painful degree of exaggeration in Barbusse's triumphant emphasis upon the Magdeleine Marxian interpretation of love, to wit: that it is not "exclusive." These are surely ancient novelties and quite undeserving of the laudatory astonishment of the author's admirers.

Against this poverty of ideas no striking quality in the writing of the book can be set in extenuation. The style is wordy, pretentious and empty, a disjointed collection of hollow phrases embodying all the platitudes of the so-called revolt of woman. To save our pruderies the author, I fancy, has modified the transports of the heroine, but it is so long since I saw the original text that I merely hazard a guess as to this. What is certain is the lack of literary skill and charm in the translation, which is as literal in places as a school boy's version. Not that Magdeleine Marx has any graces or subtleties of style to tempt or baffle the translator. Her book is as commonplace in form as in content. It is a fortunate thing that the author is of Marxian descent and that *Clarté* is an international association with leanings in that direction. The way of the transgressor is no longer hard, for one ounce of radicalism is now worth a ton of literature.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

THE INTERCHURCH REPORT.

THE report of the Interchurch World Movement's Commission of Inquiry¹ on the origin and conduct of the great steel-strike is one of the most important documents in the history of American industry. In an illuminating and authoritative fashion it sets forth on the one hand the great autocracy of the steel-masters and on the other the unhappy lot of the steel-workers, who find themselves in an industry utterly destitute of any pretence of democracy. It points out the disastrous consequences of such a situation and demands that it be remedied. The report is crowded with revealing statistics and other important information, but its supreme value proceeds from the fact that its conclusions have been reached by investigators appointed by organizations that are ordinarily anything but friendly to labour.

Every important demand made by the strikers is exhaustively examined in the report, and every one of them

is endorsed. The right to organize and to bargain collectively, the shorter work-day, higher wages, one day's rest in seven, abolition of the twenty-four hour shift, are all elaborately developed and defended as indispensable for the correction of the glaring evils of autocratic control, long hours, low wages, and generally miserable working conditions prevailing in the steel industry. Verification is given to the strikers' charges that the Steel Trust exerts a mighty control over governmental and social machinery in the steel districts and that it is ready at any time to proceed to extremes against the steel-workers. Public officials, often openly upon the Steel Trust's pay-roll, are shown to have prostituted their offices in its service by suppressing free speech, clubbing and railroading strikers to jail, etc. The misuse of the State and Federal troops at Indiana Harbour and Gary, as well as the outrages perpetrated by the Pennsylvania Constabulary, are pointed out. Damning evidence is cited proving that the mills are honey-combed with an elaborate spy-system. Indeed, the circumstances surrounding the publication of the report itself constitute a classic instance of the ruthless methods of the Steel Trust. Because the Interchurch Movement insisted upon telling the truth about the steel-strike and refused to be silenced by the money of the steel-magnates the latter have actually gone to the length of finding the means to break up the Movement!

But if the report supports the workers' position it plays sad havoc with the Steel Trust's case. It thoroughly discredits the employers' allegation (concocted for propaganda purposes only) that the strike was part of a revolutionary plot to overthrow the Government of the United States. Instead of accepting that precious piece of propaganda the Interchurch Commissioners recognize the strike as a determined effort on the part of an army of industrial slaves to free themselves from intolerable grievances and to win rights long enjoyed by the workers in many other basic industries. The newspaper reports on the strike are shown by the pages of this report to be so much organized and deliberate lying. The fable of the widely-advertised highly-paid steel-worker is exploded and the general body of the workers is shown to be at the poverty line. Mr. Gary's public statements and testimony about conditions in the steel industry are picked to pieces. In some cases he is pronounced to be ignorant of the state of affairs in his own mills, and in others he is plainly accused of falsification—charges that are backed up by masses of statistical data, which even the evasive Mr. Gary will find it hard to deny.

Taken as a whole the document is an overwhelming indictment of Garyism and a complete vindication of the workers' contentions in the great strike. If the Interchurch Movement had done nothing else in its brief history than to publish this report, and if it must now die therefore, it can at least have the satisfaction of knowing, as it expires, that in dragging the Steel Trust into the daylight it has performed a public service of the first magnitude.

Where the report endeavours to discuss expertly the activities of the trades-unions as such, their tactics, structure and psychology, it lacks its usual strength, the writers of this section of the report being manifestly unacquainted with these technical matters. But this defect in no way militates against the soundness of the report's strong conclusions regarding the more fundamental phases of the great steel-drama—hours, wages, working conditions, etc.

Undoubtedly the effect of such a report as this coming from such a source will be to swing public opinion to the support of the steel-workers, and thus create a condition peculiarly favourable for the next great drive for membership in the unions. When the situation ripens again, the country may be expected to have a better understanding, thanks to this report, than it had last time, and it will perhaps be less liable to swallow whole the lying propaganda of the Steel Trust.

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER.

¹"The Steel Strike of 1919." Issued by the Commission of Inquiry of the Interchurch World Movement. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

SOCIALISTS AND THE STATE.

THE latest attempt to define socialism was prompted by the extraordinary trial of the five Assemblymen at Albany and is contained in the closing address of their counsel, Mr. Morris Hillquit, now published in a seventy-four page pamphlet, "Socialism on Trial."¹ Mr. Hillquit bases the socialist structure on the axiom of equality as stated in the Declaration of Independence, an equality regarded as promising "an actual political and economic independence; freedom of men from men." But he follows this conception of equal rights with the unsupported assumption that it is the duty of the State to assure the well-being of its individual members. The choice would seem to lie between a freedom which makes the population responsible for its own welfare, and a paternalism incompatible with the idea of economic independence.

If it is the function of government to regulate the production and distribution of wealth, the individual may or may not be fed and clothed, but he certainly will not enjoy as much freedom as is "compatible with the existence of organized government." It is possible to conceive of a government which while confining itself to keeping open the ways of communication and holding the balance between the conflicting demands of individuals, assuring a fair field and no favour, yet at the same time permitted unrestricted competition to rule in all the complicated processes of production and trade. The State is an abstraction; it is not endowed with wisdom. Governments function through fallible mortals whose tragic attempts to regulate the private lives of citizens have created in every land a well-founded dread of bureaucracy.

Karl Marx reached the heart of the social problem when he discovered that the capitalist system rests on land monopoly, and it is encouraging to find socialists returning to this suggestion and studying its implications. Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald have recently contributed to the growing *rapprochement* between socialists and land-reformers. In Mr. MacDonald's "Socialism After the War" we find him insisting on the right of society to the economic rent and endeavouring to show how this fundamental right has been made clear by the results and experiences of the war. And Mr. Hillquit, commenting in this speech on the failure of men to possess their own country, says:

There is the tremendous stretch of land, a large slice of the surface of the globe, that if anything, should be the common heritage of all those who live on it, but it is not. It has been parcelled out into lots and plots, and turned over by gradual processes to a comparatively speaking, small number of landowners, who own the surface of the United States, and by whose permission the rest of the people who own no land, the vast majority, are tolerated upon the surface of this country.

But Mr. Hillquit unfortunately goes on to confuse with natural resources the railways and factories which are controlled by a small minority, not because they can not be easily duplicated, but because the workers who make the machinery of production are prevented from claiming their share of it by the aggravated competition for wages enforced by land-monopoly. It is indeed no exaggeration to speak of this landless class as wage-slaves, for their circumstances compel them to accept a wage which bears no necessary relation to their contribution towards production.

So secure are the landed interests that, as Mr. Hillquit contends, they can close their factories and turn numberless workers out into a fenced-off world whenever it suits their business prospects to do so. Some 40,000 woolen-mill operatives have been out of work in New England this summer because the factories were closed down. And our newspapers calmly observe that the shutdown, following an increase in wages, is calculated to "prevent a bad slump in prices which seemed to be inevitable . . . and may lead to abandonment of previous plans for cutting prices on fall merchandise."

The monopolist has the power to drive down wages and keep up prices, not because he owns the factories, but because he owns the earth. If land were not withheld from use there would be no unemployment, for the natural opportunities offered to labour are unlimited. These alternatives to working for an employer would put an end to the present artificial competition among workers, and wages would rise above the subsistence level, so that labourers could accumulate capital and would be free to conduct industry on a co-operative basis and to experiment in industrial democracy. But legal compulsion would simply enthrone government monopoly in the place of private monopoly and the workers in such case would be subjected to the caprices, and worse, of public officials.

The socialist proposes as a remedy for the ills of the industrial system "the nationalization of the country's principal industries." But it is surely a triumph of hope over experience to expect a government to be able to eliminate waste in the operation of industries, to produce the maximum of wealth and distribute it equitably among all of the people. So intricate are the processes of production and distribution, so subtle the elements which enter into happiness, that omniscience is the only safe guide. And omniscience resides not in governments but in the laws of nature. It is the duty of governments to legislate in accordance with these laws, maintaining a state of equal freedom among citizens in their use of the common inheritance. The growing tendency of socialists to regard free access to land as the first necessary step towards their goal will, perhaps, be followed by a full realization of the revolutionary consequences of this reform and its power to cure those ills that are but the symptoms of unnecessary poverty. The instinct which inspired resistance to the recent encroachments of the State upon personal liberty may confidently be trusted to modify the old belief in the omniscience of government.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

THE FAITH OF A RACE.

A RECENT volume of short stories by "Shalom Aleichem" entitled "Jewish Children," unfolds in witty and plaintive sketches the passionate cherishing by the orthodox Jews of their traditional religious faith. Nothing grieves people so much as receiving bare justice and "Shalom Aleichem" is particularly dissatisfied with the coldness of what might seem the reality of his people's worth. So he continually endears it to us by a tender and whimsical visualization and much appealing emotional intrigue.

In method the stories in this volume are thus somewhat of a departure from much of this author's work. For "Shalom Aleichem," speaking generally, is a humorist, and often broadly so. Take, for example, such a story as his "Die Uhr," with its delicious opening, "*Die Uhr schlug dreizehn*." There we have an inimitable satire on the new Jewish movement. Other instances could be cited in which a verbal audacity, almost a horseplay in phrasing, stands out as his most striking characteristic. One of his favourite tricks, for instance, is the threefold formula by which he makes his characters misquote "Scripture" (the Old Testament and the Talmud), then misinterpret the misquotation and finally misapply the misinterpretation. Another delightful device is to picture his Jew in the act of inveigling Jehovah into conversation. "The Great Prize," recently translated into English by Joseph Kling, affords an instance of this. During a colloquy between Tevye, the dairyman, and his God, we hear the Lord reply thus to Tevye's complaints: "So now you think, Tevye, that all hope is at an end and that despair is all that is left you? Fie, Tevye! You're a little fool! Just see how, when the Lord wills it, fortune turns her little wheel and lo! there is light in every corner."

¹ "Socialism on Trial." Morris Hillquit. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

¹ "Jewish Children: from the Yiddish of 'Shalom Aleichem.'" Authorized version by Hannah Berman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

It was doubtless such elaborate fooling as this that earned for "Shalom Aleichem" the label of fun-maker in ordinary to his race, and possibly led the publishers of "Jewish Children" to refer to him in their announcements as "the Jewish Dickens." In the present case the comparison is unfortunate. This volume suggests the Daudet of "Lettres de Mon Moulin" and "Contes de Lundi" far more than it suggests Dickens. The ruling note, it is true, is a somewhat obvious sentimentality. But it is a sentimentality etherialized by artistry. Both the determined humour and the cloying pathos of Dickens are absent, and the stories are all marked by a delicacy unknown to the Englishman. The distilled sentiment of "Esther" and the haunting romanticism of "This Night" are far from Victorian. Occasionally this delicacy is extreme and partakes (at least in the translation) of a slight vagueness, although as a rule the work is hard enough in technique. And through all runs the thread of Jewish idealism—the passionate consecration of the individual to the faith of a race.

C. KAY SCOTT.

SHORTER NOTICES.

IN Mr. John Haynes Holmes's little volume of addresses delivered by him at the Community Church of New York on the question, "Is Violence the Way Out?"¹ there is much thought-stimulating matter which deserves the attention of all who are perplexed at the conditions which prevail in modern industry. With Mr. Holmes co-operation is the remedy. "Make universal," he says, "the co-operating spirit of employer and employee in this one instance, and our world would straightway become a kind of paradise on earth." That he has been impressed by the work of the co-operative movement in Great Britain is clear. He has laid hold of the principle which animated the minds of the Rochdale Pioneers, Robert Owen, and the Co-operative Wholesale Societies, as the best way of labour and capital settling their differences. But surely something else is required to make the rough places smooth for labour and capital, and that is the settlement of the land question on the basis of natural rights. Despite the comparative success of so many of the co-operative undertakings since the days of New Lanark, events have shown that it is absolutely necessary to solve the land problem by taking site-values for the benefit of the community. No one knows better than the leaders of the British co-operative movement that ninety per cent of all the difficulties which they have encountered would have been avoided if rent had gone into the coffers of the national treasury instead of into the pockets of private landlords.

G. C.

It can not be denied that our daily newspapers furnish admirable gymnasiums for the exercise of our prejudices. People go to them to punch the bag of their favourite grievance, to swing their partisan dumb-bells, and to race around the padded eighth-mile track of their common interests. So long as they have free access to the apparatus, they don't much mind what sort of instructors are in charge. They allow themselves to be hoodwinked, column by column, and to cap the climax, nothing delights them so much as the privilege of jumping into the linotype themselves and ventilating their opinions. And now in an astonishing volume entitled "The Wanderer,"² we have laid before us a collection of paragraphs contributed to a Pittsburgh paper, and covering practically every known natural and social phenomenon that has found lodgment in the American mind. The technique of this Pittsburgh column was simple: A question was propounded; it was elucidated by some one superficially in contact with it, and then it was thrown upon the mercy of the mob for rebuttal. Thus were exercised such old favourites as simplified spelling, the nude in art, and the right of woman to propose marriage. The sincerity of Trotzky, the inhabitation of Mars, and the exclusion of Thomas Paine's writings from public libraries are here given fresh airing, to say nothing of such academic issues as those of Mark Twain's religion and Noah's housing-problem on the ark. Altogether, an amazing revelation of what people find time to think about—and what they think about it.

L. B.

¹"Is Violence the Way Out?" John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

²"The Wanderer." Compiled by Mary Ethel McAuley. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

ONE of the unhappy notions that clog the educated mind in this country is that which delicately forbids us to "talk shop." Is it with some dim, pathetic hope of attaining the ideal of the *honnête homme qui ne se pique de rien* that American professors, for example, when they meet on neutral ground, studiously avoid betraying whatever interest they feel in their own branch of learning? Whatever the reason may be, it is certain that to press one's interests upon the attention of one's companions or even to air one's interests freely is, in our orthodox intellectual circles, a grave breach of etiquette.

WE have all heard the conventional explanations of this phenomenon. To my mind they merely aggravate the folly and the pathos of it. For the truth as I see it is that the intellectual man in America is wanting in self-respect. This fear of talking "shop" is not merely a fear of asserting oneself; it is the visible sign of a deeper fear that prevents one from becoming possessed by one's work. A man who is possessed by an interest soon ceases to distrust himself: he becomes the servant, the agent of that interest and nothing can make him hold his tongue. The intellectual man in America acquiesces in the contempt under which the intellectual life in America labours: consequently, fear prevents him both from losing himself in his work and from finding himself through it.

CONSIDER this very use of the word "shop." It shows what a primitive people we still are; it shows that we have no sense of the hierarchy of human activities, or lack at least the courage to assert our sense of it. In our democratic system philosophy is still on a par with mechanics, and the philosopher who innocently imagines that other men will be interested in his difficult discoveries in regard to human destiny is considered as tactless as the mechanic would be who recited the names of the parts of an engine in an endless audible soliloquy. Never were men so afraid as Americans of being bores. Is it because we have had our fingers burnt so often, because we have learned that our contemporaries, who are so eager to get up in the world, do not wish to have their strenuous minds diverted by non-utilitarian reflections? Is it because we are all evangelists in our hearts who have learned to dodge the pious proposals on our approaching neighbours' tongues and can not trust ourselves, if we give the reins to our own enthusiasm, not to fish for the souls of the neighbours we approach? The man with a light in his eye! Habit, in this old Protestant society of ours, has taught us to avoid him, to avoid even in any way resembling him. But the effect of all these fears is to maintain among us the monotonous level of an intellectual Dead Sea.

OUR intellectual men, therefore, pass their lives walking on eggs. Consider the "whimsical" style of so many of those essays (whole magazines are devoted to them) in which our diffident professors, fearful of talking the "shop" of literature, history and philosophy, gently, wittily, like browbeaten wives, approach the stern and business-like public. "When you say that, smile!" the hero of "The Virginian" remarked to an insulting accuser. One would say that these professors were always guiltily and timorously looking into the Virginian's eye and smiling under a *force majeure*. How gingerly is their approach! They are so eager to reassure us that nothing in literature or science conflicts with our honest bourgeois habits. And thus the admirable gift of Charles Lamb, sadly etiolated, has become, fulfilling the prophecy that the meek shall inherit the earth, one of the major cultural forces of this barbaric hemisphere. By these means intellectual men in America have survived the reign of terror, the Neronian "thumbs down" of college presidents, the displeasure of the Visigoths of trade, the cyclones of a compulsory perfectionism. By "getting out from under," by substituting a dilution of sugar for the wormwood of

truth, by debasing their innocence into a mock-maidenly cunning, they have kept their heads on their shoulders—and justified the contempt in which in America the intellectual life is already held.

For although they tell themselves that they are afraid of being cranks, they are afraid, in reality, of being individuals; and this fear prevents them from asserting, not themselves, but the transcendent importance of that which no man can serve whole-heartedly so long as he is humble rather before other men than before the intellectual ideal itself. Their self-consciousness perpetually stands in their way, so that it may be said of the American professor as a type that he is always oscillating between abjectness and pomposity. Meanwhile, as we know, the effective status of every attitude toward life, every activity, every ideal is determined by the character of those who profess it. Would the banker have become the presiding genius of America if the bankers themselves had failed to talk "shop" in season and out of season, if they had hidden under a bushel their faith in the divine virtue of the golden eagle? The bankers will always dominate where their pretensions are unchallenged. Are we so ignorant as to suppose that a civilization dominated by bankers is either desirable or necessary?

"THE notion that a people can run itself and its affairs anonymously," said William James, "is now well known to be the silliest of absurdities. Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way, and set the pattern, which common people then adopt and follow. The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world. Our democratic problem thus is stated in ultra-simple terms: who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders?" And again: "The mutations of society from generation to generation are, in the main, directly or individually due to the acts or example of individuals. . . . Thus social evolution is the resultant of the interaction of two wholly distinct factors, the individual . . . and the social environment, with its power of adopting or rejecting both him and his gifts. Both factors are essential to change. The community stagnates without the impulse of the individual. The impulse dies away without the sympathy of the community. . . . The evolutionary view of history, when it denies the vital importance of individual initiative, is an utterly vague and unscientific conception."

WHETHER or not it is open to us to choose the kind of society we wish to create and the leaders who will help us to create it, it is certainly true that leaders exist and that we follow those leaders in particular who present to us the clearest and the most magnetic ideal. And it is open to intellectual men to present ideals incomparably clearer and more magnetic than the ideals with which the bankers have won their easy victories. That is what they ought to remember, these uneasy intellectual men of ours who are always walking on eggs: they have only to look at William James himself, a man whose single presence diverted thousands of minds from a life of catchpenny opportunism to a life of thought and creation. What such a man can accomplish, and has accomplished, even in a bankers' paradise, James has shown in the following words on Agassiz:

The secret of it all was, that while his scientific ideals were an integral part of his being, something that he never forgot or laid aside, so that wherever he went he came forward as 'the Professor' and talked 'shop' to every person, young or old, great or little, learned or unlearned, with whom he was thrown, he was at the same time so commanding a presence, so curious and inquiring, so responsive and expansive, and so generous and reckless of himself and of his own, that every one said immediately, 'This is no musty *savant*, but a man, a great man, a man on the heroic scale, not to serve whom is avarice and sin.' He elevated the popular notion of what

a student of Nature could be. . . . He did not wait for students to come to him; he made inquiry for promising youthful collectors, and when he heard of one, he wrote, inviting and urging him to come. Thus there is hardly one now of the American naturalists of my generation whom Agassiz did not train. Nay, more; he said to every one that a year or two of natural history, studied as he understood it, would give the best training for any kind of mental work. . . . It had a great effect. Natural history must indeed be a god-like pursuit if such a man as this can so adore it, people said; and the very definition and meaning of the word naturalist underwent a favourable alteration in the common mind.

ONE hastens to add (as Henry James undoubtedly would have said if he had been beguiled into lending countenance, and with such a liability to misconstruction, to an enthusiasm so obvious as this of his brother William's) that the attitude sketched in these lines about Agassiz is neither unattainable on the score of "genius" nor to be attained on the score of "self-reliance." Countless disciples of Emerson have told us to be self-reliant, assuring us that thereupon transcendent powers would flow from us automatically. But it might be observed that those who have confidence in the solidity of their freedom are the last to indulge in baccalaureate platitudes and that these exhortations are in general addressed to the spirits of the exhorters themselves. At any rate, as we know, the practical effect of this preaching of self-reliance has been merely to stir in us the instinct of competition, than which there is nothing more destructive of individuality. It has stirred the individual to assert himself, as if the individual in America had ever done anything else, whereas the true method, the method that results, not in the uniformity we have, but in the individuality we lack is not to assert oneself but to lose oneself, to permit oneself to be absorbed in one's interest, in the pursuit of one's ideal. That is the method which produces leaders in the spiritual sphere. And in that sphere self-reliance is not a cause, it is an effect.

OUR browbeaten professors can not therefore hope to emulate Agassiz by standing aggressively on their own feet and telling the business men that they are a lot of impudent cattle. Some of them have done so, but the results are not very striking. The obsession of self-reliance is like any other egotistical obsession. It is in becoming with all one's force the agent merely, the spokesman, of the intellectual life, that the individual is able to raise the status of the intellectual life; for when he becomes its spokesman all the impersonal authority of the intellectual life itself passes into him. It is owing to this principle that the self-effacing Catholic priest has always so much more real influence than the self-assertive Protestant minister. But on the other hand, I say, the American professor can not evade the responsibility of emulating Agassiz by telling himself that he is not a man of genius. What is genius? Is there anything in the world but energy, well directed or ill directed? Some transcendent mystic force may perhaps exist that possesses the soul of the rare individual with a divine madness, but the rare individual in question is, if one is to judge by history, the last to wait upon its prerogatives. Great men have been men who have had themselves supremely in hand, who have known how to use to advantage every ounce of energy in them. The intellectual man in America is not entitled to say that because he is not a man of genius he is not responsible for the abject state of the intellectual life in America until he is convinced either that he is without energy or that he has exhausted every means of putting himself in possession of the energy he has.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Mind Energy," by Henri Bergson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Miscellany of American Poetry; 1920." New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

The Freeman Pamphlets

In connection with the FREEMAN the publisher is issuing from time to time pamphlets on current affairs. These are for the most part original and expressly written, but also include valuable and unusual reprints of material that has appeared in the FREEMAN and elsewhere. The pamphlets are under the same editorship as the paper. Certain subscribers to the FREEMAN have found it a convenience to subscribe in advance for the pamphlets, instructing the publisher to forward to them each of the *Freeman Pamphlets* upon publication.

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A distinguished committee of English sociologists has made an investigation into this question and into the companion problem of equal pay for equal work. Their research and conclusions are broad enough to find close application to the American problem; where conditions in the two countries differ, they have been bridged by Miss Anthony who writes the introduction. 50 cents.

"WHERE IRON IS, THERE IS THE FATHERLAND"

By C. K. STREET

This note on the relation of privilege and monopoly to war, is an incredible revelation of the manner in which the German and French owners of iron-ore worked side by side, waxing fatter as their brothers were killed by shells whose materials were mined in a protected area. These facts came out in an investigation before a committee of the Chamber of Deputies. They are here set down, with a map and illustrations, by a volunteer in the American army, later attached to our Peace mission. 50 cents.

THE TWELVE

By ALEXANDER BLOK

This poem, which has been called the Marseillaise of the Russian revolution, is a symbolic account of the march of twelve soldiers through frozen Petrograd. 2,000,000 copies have been sold in Russia. The translation is by Babette Deutsch and Abraham Yarmolinsky. 50 cents.

THE ECONOMICS OF IRELAND

By GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("Æ")

The ablest discussion that has yet appeared in this country of this phase of the Irish problem. The author is a Protestant Ulsterman. 25 cents.

Other books in paper covers issued by the publisher of the FREEMAN:

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By MORRIS HILLQUIT

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